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BRARY
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PARADISE LOST.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

VOL. III.

The fall of the Rebel Angels.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

52796

JOHN MILTON.

EDITED BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

WITH IMAGINATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ. R. A.

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in our MILTON met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime!

THOMSON.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. III.

SATAN . . . . . } R. WESTALL, R.A.
R. GRAVES.

— On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horrour plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield.

PARADISE LOST. BOOK IV.

FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS. } J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.
E. GOODALL.

— Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition————.

PARADISE LOST. BOOK I.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The seventh book is nothing but delight;—all beauty, and hope, and smiles: it has little of the awful sublimity of the preceding books; and it has much less of that grand invention, which sometimes astonishes with a painful emotion, but which is the first power of a poet: at the same time, there is poetical invention in filling up the details.

In every description Milton has seized the most picturesque feature, and found the most expressive and poetical words for it. On the mirror of his mind all creation was delineated in the clearest and most brilliant forms and colours; and he has reflected them with such harmony and enchantment of language, as has never been equalled.

The globe, with all its rich contents, thus lies displayed before us, like a landscape under the freshness of the dewy light of the opening morning, when the shadows of night first fly away.

Here is to be found every thing which in descriptive poetry has the greatest spell: all majesty or grace of forms, animate or inanimate; all variety of mountains, and valleys, and forests, and plains, and seas, and lakes, and rivers; the vicissitudes of suns and of darkness; the flame and the snow; the murmur of the breeze; the roar of the tempest.

One great business of poetry is to teach men to see, and feel, and think upon the beauties of the creation, and to have gratitude and devotion to their Maker: this can best be effected by a poet's eye and a poet's tongue. Poets can present things in lights which can warm the coldest hearts: he who can create himself, can best represent what is already created.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK VII.

RAPHAEL, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days; the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into heaven.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

Descend from heaven,[1] Urania,[2] by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appear'd,[3] or fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up-led by thee,
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;

Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung,[4] but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere:
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,[5]
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few:
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers,[6] the race
Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
Say, goddess, what ensued, when Raphaël,
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostasy, by what befell in heaven
To those apostates; lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice

Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange; things, to their thought
So unimaginable, as hate in heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
With such confusion: but the evil, soon
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung; impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose; and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him; how this world
Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began;
When, and whereof created; for what cause;
What within Eden, or without, was done
Before his memory: as one, whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest:
Great things and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter! by favour sent
Down from the empyrean, to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe

Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently, for our instruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd;
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known;
How first began this heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfused,
Embracing round this florid earth: what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon
Absolved; if unforbid thou mayst unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask,
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know:
And the great light of day[7] yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears;
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence; and Sleep, listening to thee, will watch;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End,[8] and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild:
This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
Obtain; though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing; such commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond, abstain
To ask; nor let thine own inventions[9] hope
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,[10]
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know:
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.[11]
Know then, that, after Lucifer from heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:
At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid

This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place[12] knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due, and solemn rites:
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried;
And earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
My overshadowing Spirit[13] and Might with thee
I send along: ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth;
Boundless the deep, because I Am, who fill
Infinitude; nor vacuous the space;
Though I, uncircumscribed myself, retire,

And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not: necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake,
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine: sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord: heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
They view'd[14] the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves,[15] and thou deep, peace,
Said then the omnific Word; your discord end!
Nor stay'd; but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels; and in his hand
He took the golden compasses,[16] prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;

This be thy just circumference, O world! 231
Thus God the heaven created,[17] thus the earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth, 236
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purged
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like; the rest to several place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.
Let there be light, said God;[18] and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began, 246
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255
Birth-day of heaven and earth: with joy and shout[19]
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,

Both when first evening was; and when first morn.
Again, God said, Let there be firmament[20]
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed; lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And heaven[21] he named the firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle; but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
Be gather'd now, ye waters[22] under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,

As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard; so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent errour wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth;[23] and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd seas:
And saw that it was good; and said, Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,[24]
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept

The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field; and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the fields were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side;
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem: God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.
Again the Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,

The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun,
A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heaven, thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,[25]
Shedding sweet influence:[26] less bright the moon,
But opposite in level'd west was set,
His mirrour, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none

In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters[27] generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds:
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave, in sculls[28] that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,

Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops[29] their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons,[30] and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale[31]
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aereal sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours; and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.
The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said;
Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and straight
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:

The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould,
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness: fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants; ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart enclosed;
Pattern of just equality,[32] perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes

Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gavest them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither, with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent

Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:
Let us make now man[33] in our image, man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becamest a living soul.
Male he created thee; but thy consort
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.
Wherever thus created, (for no place
Is yet distinct by name) thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee: all sorts are here that all the earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,

Thou mayst not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest:
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant, death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, how it shiow'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rodè,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates![34] they sung;
Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through heaven,

That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
Authour and End of all things; and, from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work.
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days' acts they sung.
Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue

Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence createst more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heaven
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced!
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!
So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With halleluiahs: thus was sabbath kept.—

And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning; that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know: if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

NOTES ON BOOK VII.

[1] VERSE 1. *Descend from Heaven.* "Descende cœlo," Hor. Od. iii. 4. 1. He invokes the heavenly Muse as he had done before, b. i. 6: and as he had said in the beginning that he "intended to soar above the Aonian mount," so now he says very truly that he had effected what he intended, and "soars above the Olympian hill, above the flight of Pegasean wing;" that is, his subject was more sublime than the loftiest flight of the heathen poets.—NEWTON.

[2] Ibid. *Urania.* The word Urania, in Greek, signifies "heavenly."—NEWTON.

[3] Ver. 8. *Before the hills appear'd.* From Prov. viii. 24, 25, and 30, where the phrase of Wisdom always "rejoicing" before God, is "playing," according to the Vulgate Latin; "ludens coram eo omni tempore."—NEWTON.

[4] Ver. 21. *Half yet remains unsung.* Half of the episode, not of the whole work, is here meant. The episode has two

principal parts, the war in heaven, and the new creation.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 25. *Though fallen on evil days.* The repetition and turn of the words is very beautiful: a lively picture this, in a few lines, of the poet's wretched condition. Though he was blind, "in darkness; and with dangers compass'd round, and solitude," obnoxious to the government, and having a world of enemies among the royal party, and therefore obliged to live very much in privacy and alone, he was not become hoarse or mute. And what strength of mind was it, that could not only support him under the weight of these misfortunes; but enable him to soar to such heights, as no human genius ever reached before!—NEWTON.

[6] Ver. 33. *Of Bacchus and his revellers.* It is not improbable that the poet intended this as an oblique satire upon the dissoluteness of Charles the Second and his court; from whom he seems to apprehend the fate of Orpheus, who, though he is said to have charmed woods and rocks with his divine songs, was torn to pieces by the Bacchanalian women of Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace; nor could the Muse Calliope, his mother, defend him: "so fail not thou, who thee implores." Nor was his wish ineffectual; for the government suffered him to live and die unmolested.—NEWTON.

[7] Ver. 98. *And the great light of day.* Mr. Thyer is of opinion that there is not a greater instance of our author's exquisite skill in the art of poetry than this and the following lines. There is nothing more really to be expressed than Adam's telling Raphael his desire to hear the continuance of his relation: and yet the poet, by a series of strong and noble figures, has worked it up into half a score of as fine lines as any in the poem. Lord Shaftesbury has

observed, that Milton's beauties generally depend upon solid thought, strong reasoning, noble passion, and a continued thread of moral doctrine; but in this place he has shown what an exalted fancy and mere force of poetry can do.—NEWTON.

Lord Shaftesbury had not a very accurate idea of Milton's genius; which, if it had all the qualities here ascribed to it, was not less rich and gigantic in imagination and invention.

[8] Ver. 107. *Bid his absence, till thy song End.*

The sun did stand still at the voice of Joshua.—NEWTON.

Milton's favourite Ovid touches upon the suspense of day:—

> ———et euntem multa loquendo
> Detinuit sermone diem.

[9] Ver. 121. *Thine own inventions.* So in Psalm cvi. 29: "Thus they provoked him to anger with their own *inventions*."—PEARCE.

[10] Ver. 122. *The invisible King.* As God is styled, 1 Tim. i. 17, "the invisible King," so this is the properest epithet that could have been employed here, when he is speaking of "things not revealed, suppressed in night, to none communicable in earth or heaven," neither to men nor angels; as it is said of the day of judgment, Matt. xxiv. 36: "Of that day and hour knoweth no man: no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 130. *Nourishment to wind.* See St. Paul, 1 Cor. viii. 1: "Knowledge puffeth up."—TODD.

[12] Ver. 144. *Whom their place.* See Job, vii. 10: "Neither shall his place know him any more."—NEWTON.

[13] Ver. 165. *My overshadowing Spirit.* See Luke i. 35: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee."—NEWTON.

[14] Ver. 210. *From the shore*
They view'd.
Here is a most magnificent picture, breathing all the powers of poetry.

[15] Ver. 216. *Silence, ye troubled waves.* How much does the brevity of the command add to the sublimity and majesty of it! It is the same kind of beauty that Longinus admires in the Mosaic history of the creation: it is of the same strain with the same "Omnific Word's" calming the tempest in the Gospel, when he said to the raging sea, "Peace, be still." Mark iv. 39. And how elegantly has he turned the commanding words, *silence* and *peace*, making one the first and the other the last in the sentence, and thereby giving the greater force and emphasis to both!—NEWTON.

[16] Ver. 225. *He took the golden compasses.* See Prov. viii. 27: "When he prepared the heavens, I was there: when he set a *compass* upon the face of the deep."—RICHARDSON.

[17] Ver. 232. *Thus God the heaven created.* The reader will naturally remark how exactly Milton copies Moses in his account of the creation. This seventh book of Paradise Lost may be called a larger sort of paraphrase upon the first chapter of Genesis: Milton not only observes the same series and order, but preserves the very words as much as he can.—NEWTON.

[18] Ver. 243. *Let there be light, said God.* Gen. i. 3.—"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." This is the passage that Longinus particularly admires; and

no doubt its sublimity is greatly owing to its conciseness: but our poet enlarges upon it, endeavouring to give some account how light was created the first day, when the sun was not formed till the fourth day. He says that it was sphered in a radiant cloud, and so journeyed round the earth in a cloudy tabernacle; and herein he is justified by the authority of some commentators, though others think this light was the light of the sun, which shone as yet very imperfectly, and did not appear in full lustre till the fourth day.—NEWTON.

[19] Ver. 256. *With joy and shout.* Job xxxviii. 4. 7. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 261. *Let there be firmament.* See Gen. i. 6:—"Firmament" signifies expansion.—NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 274. *And heaven.* So Gen. i. 8. According to the Hebrews, there were three heavens. The first is the air, wherein the clouds move, and the birds fly; the second is the starry heaven; and the third is the habitation of the angels, and the seat of God's glory. Milton is speaking here of the first heaven, as he mentions the others in other places.—NEWTON.

[22] Ver. 283. *Be gather'd now, ye waters.* See Gen. i. 9; and Psalm civ. 6, et seq.—NEWTON.

[23] Ver. 307. *The dry land, earth.* These are again the words of Genesis formed into verse, i. 10, 11. But when he comes to the descriptive part, he then opens a finer vein of poetry.—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 317. *Sudden flower'd.* See Esdras vi. 44.—TODD.

[25] Ver. 374. *The Pleiades before him danced.* These are beautiful images, and very much resemble the famous picture of the morning by Guido, where the sun is represented in his chariot, with Aurora flying before him, shedding flowers, and seven beautiful nymph-like figures, dancing before and about his chariot, which are commonly taken for the Hours, but possibly may be the Pleiades, as they are seven in number, and it is not easy to assign a reason why the Hours should be signified by that number particularly. The picture is on a ceiling at Rome; but there are copies of it in England, and an excellent print by Jac. Frey. The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus, which, rising about the time of the vernal equinox, are called by the Latins "Vergiliæ." Our poet, therefore, in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation, intimates very plainly that the creation was in the spring according to the common opinion, Virg. Georg. ii. 338, &c.—NEWTON.

[26] Ver. 375. *Shedding sweet influence.* See Job, xxxviii. 31:—"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?"—HUME.

[27] Ver. 387. *And God said, Let the waters.* This, and eleven verses following, are almost word for word from Genesis, i. 20—22: the poet afterwards branches out this general account of the fifth day's creation into the several particulars.—NEWTON.

[28] Ver. 402. *Sculls* is undoubtedly *shoals.*

[29] Ver 424. *On cliffs and cedar-tops.* See Job, xxxix. 27, 28.—NEWTON.

[30] Ver. 427. *Intelligent of seasons.* See Jerem. viii. 7.—NEWTON.

[31] Ver. 435. *The solemn nightingale.* Milton's fondness and admiration of the nightingale may be seen, as Newton has remarked, in 'Il Penseroso,' in his first sonnet, and again in 'Paradise Lost,' b. iii. 38; b. iv. 648. 771; b. v. 40; b. viii. 518.—TODD.

[32] Ver. 487. *Pattern of just equality.* We see that Milton, upon occasion, discovers his principles of government. He enlarges upon the same thought in his 'Ready Way to establish a free Commonwealth,' Prose W. i. 591. He commends the ants or emmets for living in a republic, as the bees are said to live under a monarchy.—NEWTON.

[33] Ver. 519. *Let us make now man.* The author keeps closely to Scripture in his account of the formation of man, as well as of the other creatures. See Gen. i. 26, 27, 28. There are scarcely any alterations but what were requisite for the verse or were occasioned by the change of the person, as the angel is speaking to Adam. And what additions are made, are plainly of the same original.—NEWTON.

[34] Ver. 565. *Open, ye everlasting gates!* See Psalm xxiv. 7:—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." This hymn was sung when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount Sion, and is understood as a prophecy of our Saviour's ascension into Heaven; and therefore is fitly applied by our author to the same Divine Person's ascending thither, after he had created the world.—NEWTON.

In the seventh book the author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former

book, they abound with magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm; and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

Longinus, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader; that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another; and writes in his spirit without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days' work, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of creation: but, as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though a heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first book of Genesis; and there are many other passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shown his judgment very remarkably in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem; and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern poetry, which were suited to readers, whose imaginations were set to a higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, where he desires an account of what passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The lines, in which he tells that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind, v. 98.

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, and the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with a host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty, as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets! "And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass:"—

About his chariots numberless were pour'd, &c.

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it by telling us that the Hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows; where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation.

The thought of the golden compasses, v. 225, is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit; and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments, with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book; with her spear which would over-

turn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of a hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage, appear a very natural instrument in the hands of him, whom Plato somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation, formed after the same manner, in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:—

And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in these remarks. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue: the several great scenes of the creation rise up to view, one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day! v. 252, &c. We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made: we have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful. The several glories of the heavens make their appearances on the fourth day.

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise

in his description of the six days' work, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode; and, at the same time, so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man; upon which, the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes the great period of time filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

The accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels and creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode: they are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connexion with the fable.—ADDISON.

This criticism of Addison is so beautiful, so just, and so perfect, that I know not that I can find any thing to add to it.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

No praise can be deemed too high for this eighth book of Paradise Lost. Milton speaks as the historian of idealism; never as a rhetorician: he has never any factitious warmth; what he relates he first sees: the richness of his imagination is united with extreme and surprising simplicity: he rejects all adornment. The imagination, which creates a whole series of characters and actions, resulting from each other,—those actions at the same time springing from high minds and high passions,—performs the greatest and rarest work of genius: thus we are filled with the most delightful astonishment, when we read Milton's picture of the creation of Adam and Eve: the beauty, the glow, the enthusiasm, the rapture running through all the senses, and all the veins; the unalloyed grandeur of the man, the celestial grace of the woman; the majesty of his movements, the delicacy of hers; the inconceivable happiness of thoughts and words with which their admiration of each other is expressed; the breaks, the turns of language, the inspired brilliance, and flow of the strains; yet the inimitable chastity and transparence of the whole style;—fill a sensitive reader with an unfeigned won-

der and exaltation, which it would be vain to attempt adequately to record.

I need not say, that all the art and skill alone of all the poets of the earth would never have reached those thoughts, though natural and human, yet mixed with intellectual sublimity and exalted passion, which the poet ascribes to Adam and Eve; and in which his beautiful language could only be attained by following those thoughts in a congenial tone. This is the real secret of Milton's great superiority in the true language of poetry: it is miserable, when flat thoughts are covered by sounding or gaudy words.

The mind of him who undertakes to write poetry can only be worked into a due temperament by the force of a warm and pregnant imagination: in that state he need not seek for phrases or ideas: these rise out of the ideal position to which his genius has transported him: they are not the result of slow reflection, or reasoning, or memory: admit the circumstances, and nature points out the sentiments: but it is the great poet alone who can invent the circumstances; and of all men, Milton could invent them with the most fertility and splendour.

There is another consideration which makes Milton's invention deserving of the most unlimited praise: he was bound down by his awe of religion, and his search after truth and wisdom. When imagination may indulge itself in wanton flights, it may easily blaze by its erratic courses: here the poet had to keep within a prescribed track: he had therefore all his mighty powers at command; he threw his light where it was required.

Again I must say something of the argumentative parts of the poem as applied to this eighth book: these are as profound and excellent as those in the former books: they are not, as Dryden has hinted, flat and unprofitable; but

the reverse: they are exalted, closely-argued, nakedly but vigorously expressed, sagacious, moral, instructive, comprehensive, deep in the knowledge of life, consolatory, and fortifying. Whoever supposes them unpoetical, has a narrow and mean conception of poetry: they are never out of place, but result from the leading characters of the poem; and are quite as essential to it, even as its grand, or beautiful, and breathing imagery.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK VIII.

ADAM inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

The angel ended,[1] and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:
What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold[2] this goodly frame, this world,

Of heaven and earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes; this earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated; while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.
So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving,[3] where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,

And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress:
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses: from his lip
Not words alone pleased her. O! when meet now
Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning Graces[4] waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,
Benevolent and facile thus replied:

To ask or search, I blame thee not; for heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain,[5] whether heaven move or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or, if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes; perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide

Hereafter, when they come to model heaven
And calculate the stars; how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive,
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright; nor heaven such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines;
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there first received,
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious; but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence; who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own;[6]
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition; and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,

Who since the morning-hour set out from heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee, who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world; and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course, now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,

Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day, as she by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds,[8] and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live:
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not;
Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,
Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance,
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle; while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise

And thy fair Eve; heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds; what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree:
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied:
How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of heaven, angel serene!
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom:[9] what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence;
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deign'd.

Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance; now, hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard:
And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise;
Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven;
And sweeter thy discourse[10] is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek:
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee; and each word, each motion forms:
Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with man:
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent,[11] as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell;
Squared in full legion, (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued[12] forth a spy,

Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt:
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King; and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song;
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire:
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these

Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy[13] my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore;
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know?
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense; untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,

Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.
So saying, by the hand[14] he took me raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks and bowers; that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree,
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am,
Said mildly; Authour of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree,[15] whose operation brings

Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden, by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,[16]
From that day mortal; and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea or air; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I named them as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature; with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension: but in these

I found not[17] what methought I wanted still;
And to the heavenly Vision thus presumed:
O, by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming; how may I
Adore thee, Authour of this universe,
And all this good to man? for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone;
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:
What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways?[18] They also know,
And reason not contemptibly: with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied:
Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power;
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferiour far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due

Given and received: but, in disparity,[19]
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak,
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight; wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.
Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeased:
A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam! and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceased; I lowly answer'd: To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways[20]
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not so is man,

But in degree; the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already Infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though One:
But man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secresy, although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet, so pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, deified:
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone; nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found: which gain'd
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine:
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased;
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself;
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,[21]
My image, not imparted to the brute;
Whose fellowship therefore, unmeet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spakest,[22]
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee; for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:

What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,[23]
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down; and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy,[24] my internal sight; by which,
Abstract as in a trance,[25] methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping, open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks; which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.

She disappear'd, and left me dark;[26] I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable; on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker,[27] though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:
This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone,[28] flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me: Woman is her name; of man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.
She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,

And with obsequious majesty approved[29]
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation,[30] and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
On his hill top,[31] to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmoved; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end
Of nature her the inferiour, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel:
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.
To whom the angel with contracted brow:
Accuse not nature; she hath done her part,
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
For, what admirest thou, what transports thee so?
An outside; fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing,[32] thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more

Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou mayst love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all other; think the same vouchsafed
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulged, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: love refines[33]
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied:
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind,[34] or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd;
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love, thou blamest me not; for love, thou sayst,
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy; and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence; and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars:
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure[35]
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more;[36] the parting sun,
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian, sets; my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love! but, first of all,
Him, whom to love is to obey,[37] and keep

His great command: take heed, lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction:—Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!—
So parted they; the angel up to heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

NOTES ON BOOK VIII.

[1] VERSE 1. *The angel ended.* This eighth book made a part of the seventh book in the first edition.

Milton has here imitated the graceful suspension in the narrative of Ulysses; see the eleventh book of the Odyssey: and Pope, when translating the passage, ingeniously framed his version of Milton's own words:—

> He ceased; but left so charming in their ear
> His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.

[2] Ver. 15. *When I behold, &c.* Milton, after having given so noble an idea of the creation of the new world, takes a proper occasion to show the two great systems, usually called the Ptolemaic and the Copernican: one making the earth, the other the sun, to be the centre; and this he does by introducing Adam proposing very judiciously the difficulties that occur in the first, and which was the system most obvious to him. The reply of the angel touches on the expedients the Ptolemaics invented to solve those difficulties, and to patch up their system; and then intimates that perhaps the sun is the centre; and so opens that system, and withal the noble improvements of the new philosophy; not however determining for one or the other: on the con-

trary, he exhorts our progenitor to apply his thoughts rather to what more nearly concerns him, and is within his reach. —RICHARDSON.

Ver. 40. *Which Eve Perceiving.*

What a lovely picture has the poet here drawn of Eve! As it did not become her to bear a part in the conversation, she modestly sits at a distance, but yet within view: she stays as long as the angel and her husband are discoursing of things which it might concern her and her duty to know; but when they enter upon abstruser points, then she decently retires. This is preserving the decorum of character: and so Cephalus in Plato's 'Republic,' and Scævola in Cicero's treatise 'de Oratore,' stay only as long as it was suitable for persons of their character; and are made to withdraw when the discourse was less proper for them to hear. Eve's withdrawing is juster, and more beautiful than these instances. She rises to go forth with lowliness, but yet with majesty and grace. What modesty and what dignity is here!—NEWTON.

[4] Ver. 61. *A pomp of winning Graces.* Gray has imitated this in the opening of his poem, 'The Progress of Poesy.' Gray may be perpetually tracked in his imitations of Milton's expressions.

[5] Ver. 70. *This to attain.* It imports not, it matters not, whether heaven move or earth, whether the Ptolemaic or Copernican system be true. This knowledge we may still attain;—the rest, other more curious points of inquiry concerning the heavenly bodies, God hath done wisely to conceal.—NEWTON.

See Psalm cxxxix. 5:—"Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me; I cannot attain unto it."—DUNSTER.

[6] Ver. 103. *That man may know he dwells not in his own.* A fine reflection, and confirmed by the authority of the greatest philosophers, who seem to attribute the first notions of religion in man to his observing the grandeur of the universe. See Cicero, Tusc. Disp. lib. i. sect. 28, and De Nat. Deor. lib. ii. sect. 6.—STILLINGFLEET.

[7] Ver. 128. *In six thou seest.* In the moon, and the "five other wandering fires," as they are called, b. v. 177.—NEWTON.

[8] Ver. 145. *Her spots thou seest*
As clouds.

It seems by this, and by another passage, b. v. 419, as if our author thought that the spots in the moon were clouds and vapours: but the most probable opinion is, that they are her seas and waters, which reflect only part of the sun's rays, and absorb the rest. They cannot possibly be clouds and vapours, because they are observed to be fixed and permanent.—NEWTON.

[9] Ver. 194. *Is the prime wisdom.* An excellent piece of satire this, and a fine reproof of those men who have all sense but common sense, and whose folly is truly represented in the story of the philosopher, who, while he was gazing at the stars, fell into a ditch. Our author, in these lines, as Mr. Thyer imagines, might probably have in his eye the character of Socrates, who first attempted to divert his countrymen from their airy and chimerical notions about the origin of things, and turn their attention to that "prime wisdom," the consideration of moral duties, and their conduct in social life.—NEWTON.

See Johnson's observations to the same effect, and as to the proper objects of study, in his 'Life of Milton,' speaking of the poet's plans of education.

[10] Ver. 211. *And sweeter thy discourse.* The poet had here probably in mind that passage in Virgil, Ecl. v. 45:—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine; quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

But the fine turn in the last three lines of Milton is intirely his own, and gives an exquisite beauty to this passage above Virgil's. See 'An Essay upon Milton's Imitations of the Ancients,' p. 37.—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 229. *For I that day was absent.* The sixth day of the creation: of all the rest, of which he has spoken, he might have been an eye-witness.—RICHARDSON.

[12] Ver. 233. *That none thence issued.* As man was to be the principal work of God in the lower world, and (according to Milton's hypothesis) a creature to supply the loss of the fallen angels, so particular care is taken at his creation. The angels, on that day, keep watch and guard at the gates of hell, that none may issue forth to interrupt the sacred work: at the same time, that this was a very good reason for the angel's absence, it is likewise doing honour to the man with whom he was conversing.—NEWTON.

[13] Ver. 265. *All things smiled;*
With fragrance and with joy.

By *fragrance*, Milton has endeavoured to give an idea of that exquisite and delicious joy of heart Homer so often expresses by λαίνεται, a word that signifies the fragrance that flowers emit after a shower or dew. Milton has used a like expression in his treatise 'Of Reformation,' p. 2, ed. 1738. "Methinks a sovran and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the *fragrance* of heaven."—RICHARDSON.

Mr. Richardson might have farther observed, that Milton himself had expressed the same thought with more beauty, if possible, in b. iv. 153, where, speaking of Satan's approach to the garden of Paradise, he says,

> And of pure now purer air
> Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
> Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
> All sadness but despair.

THYER.

[14] Ver. 300. *So saying, by the hand.* It is said that "the Lord took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it," Gen. ii. 15. Some commentators say, that man was not formed in Paradise, but was placed there after he was formed, to show that he had no title to it by nature, but by grace; and Milton poetically supposes that he was carried thither sleeping, and was first made to see that happy place in vision. The poet had perhaps in mind that passage of Virgil, where Venus lays young Ascanius asleep, and removes him from Carthage to the Idalian fields, Æn. i. 691, &c.: or if he had Scripture still in view, he had authority for such a removal of a person, Acts viii. 39, when "the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, and he was found at Azotus."—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 323. *But of the tree.* This being the great hinge on which the whole poem turns, Milton has marked it strongly: "But of the tree;"—"remember what I warn thee." He dwells, expatiates upon it, from v. 323 to v. 336, repeating, enforcing, fixing every word: it is all nerve and energy.—RICHARDSON.

[16] Ver. 330. *Inevitably thou shalt die.* "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," as in Gen. ii. 17, that is, from that day thou shalt become mortal, as the poet immediately afterwards explains it.—NEWTON.

[17] Ver. 354. *But in these*
I found not.

The account given by Moses is very short here, as in all the rest. Gen. ii. 19, 20. "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him." And from this short account, our author has raised, what a noble episode! and what a divine dialogue from the latter part only!—NEWTON.

[18] Ver. 372. *Know'st thou not*
Their language and their ways?

That brutes have a kind of language among themselves is evident and undeniable. There is a treatise in French of the language of brutes; and our author supposes that Adam understood this language, and was of knowledge superior to any of his descendants, and besides was assisted by inspiration, "with such knowledge God endued his sudden apprehension." He is said by the school divines to have exceeded Solomon himself in knowledge.—NEWTON.

[19] Ver. 386. *But in disparity.* But in inequality, such as is between brute and rational; "the one intense," man high, wound up, and strained to nobler understanding, and of more lofty faculty; "the other still remiss," the animal let down, and slacker, grovelling in more low and mean perceptions; can never suit together. A musical metaphor, from strings, of which the stretched and highest give a smart and sharp sound, the slack a flat and heavy one.—HUME.

[20] Ver. 413. *Thy eternal ways.* See Rom. xi. 33:—"O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and know-

ledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—HUME.

[21] Ver. 440. *Spirit within thee free.* Milton is, upon all occasions, a strenuous advocate for the freedom of the human mind, against the narrow and rigid notions of the Calvinists of that age; and here, in the same spirit, supposes the very image of God, in which man was made, to consist in this liberty. The sentiment is very grand; and this sense of the words is, in my opinion, full as probable as any of those many which the commentators have put upon them; inasmuch as no property of the soul of man distinguishes him better from the brutes, or assimilates him more to his Creator. This notion, though uncommon, is not peculiar to Milton; for I find Clarius, in his remark upon this passage of Scripture, referring to St. Basil the great, for the same interpretation. See Clarius amongst the *Critici Sacri.*—THYER.

[22] Ver. 444. *I, ere thou spakest.* As we read Gen. ii. 18. And then, ver. 19 and 20, God brings the beasts and birds before Adam, and Adam gives them names; "but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him;" as if Adam had now discovered it himself likewise: and from this little hint our author has raised this dialogue between Adam and his Maker. And then follows, both in Moses and in Milton, the account of the formation of Eve, and institution of marriage.—NEWTON.

[23] Ver. 453. *By his heavenly overpower'd.* The Scripture says only, that "the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam," Gen. ii. 21; and our author endeavours to give some account how it was effected. Adam was overpowered by conversing with so superior a Being, his faculties having been all strained and exerted to the heighth;

and now he sunk down quite dazzled and spent, and sought repair of sleep, which instantly fell on him, and closed his eyes. "Mine eyes he closed," says he again, turning the words, and making Sleep a person, as the ancient poets often do.—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 460. *Open left the cell*
Of fancy.

Balaam, before he prophesies the happiness of Israel, thus describes himself in the vision which communicated to him the divine word:—"the man, which heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes opened," Numb. xxiv. 4. On the latter part of which verse the gloss of the commentators Vatablus and Fagius is,—"dormitans, et tamen habens oculos mentis apertos." This frequent recollection in Milton, not only of every applicable Scripture passage, but of every material comment on them, shows the wonderful extent of his reading, and power of his memory.—DUNSTER.

[25] Ver. 462. *Abstract as in a trance.* "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam," Gen. ii. 21. The word that we translate a *deep sleep*, the Greek interpreters render by *trance* or *ecstasy*, in which the person is abstract, is withdrawn as it were from himself, and still sees things, though his senses are all locked up. So that Adam sees his wife, as he did Paradise, first in vision.—NEWTON.

[26] Ver. 478. *She disappear'd, and left me dark.* She that was my light vanished, and left me dark and comfortless: for light is in almost all languages a metaphor for joy and comfort, and darkness for the contrary. As Dr. Pearce observes, it is something of the same way of thinking that

Milton uses in his sonnet on his deceased wife: after having described her as appearing to him, he says,—

She fled, and day brought back my night.

NEWTON.

[27] Ver. 485. *Led by her heavenly Maker.* For the Scripture says,—"The Lord God brought her unto the man," Gen. ii. 22. And Milton, still alluding to this text, says afterwards that she was "divinely brought," v. 500.—NEWTON.

[28] Ver. 495. *Bone of my bone.* That Adam, waking from his deep sleep, should, in words so express and prophetic, own and claim his companion, gave rise to that opinion, that he was not only asleep, but entranced too; by which he saw all that was done to him, and understood the mystery of it, God informing his understanding in his ecstasy.—HUME.

[29] Ver. 509. *With obsequious majesty approved.* How exactly does Milton preserve the same character of Eve in all places where he speaks of her! This "obsequious majesty," is the very same with the "coy submission, modest pride," in the fourth book; and both not unlike what Spenser has in his 'Epithalamion:'—

Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility.

THYER.

[30] Ver. 513. *The earth*
Gave sign of gratulation.

This is a copy from Homer, Il. xiv. 347:—

Τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ Χθὼν δῖα φύεν νεοθηλέα ποίην, κ. τ. λ.

but Milton has greatly improved this, as he improves every thing, in the imitation. In all his copies of the

beautiful passages of other authors he studiously varies and disguises them, the better to give himself the air of an original, and, to make, by his additions and improvements, what he borrowed the more fairly his own; the only regular way of acquiring a property in thoughts taken from other writers, if we may believe Horace, whose laws in poetry are of undoubted authority, 'De Art. Poet.' v. 131, &c. Milton, indeed, in what he borrows from Scripture, observes the contrary rule; and generally adheres minutely, or rather religiously, to the very words as much as possible of the original.—NEWTON.

[31] Ver. 519. *The evening star*
On his hill top.

The evening star is said to light the bridal lamp, as it was the signal among the ancients to light their lamps and torches, in order to conduct the bride home to the bridegroom. Catullus:—"Vesper adest, juvenes consurgite," &c. "On his hill top;" for when this star appeared eastward in the morning, it was said to rise on Mount Ida, Virg. Æn. ii. 801: when it appeared westward in the evening, it was said to be seen on Mount Œta, Virg. Ecl. viii. 30. Milton therefore writes in classical language: he does not mention any mountain by name, but says only "the evening star on his hill top," as appearing above the hills.—NEWTON.

[32] Ver. 568. *And worthy well*
Thy cherishing, &c.

He makes use of these three words, agreeably to Scripture:—"So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies: he that loveth his wife, loveth himself; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it," Ephes. v. 28, 29. "Giving honour unto the wife;" 1 Pet. iii. 7.—NEWTON.

[33] Ver. 589. *Love refines.* Milton, in his 'Apology for Smectymnuus,' speaks thus:—"Thus, from the laureat-fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy; but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato, and his equal Xenophon: where if I should tell ye what I learned of chastity and love, I mean that which is truly so," &c. —THYER.

[34] Ver. 604. *Union of mind.* So in his 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' b. i. c. 2:—"And indeed it is a greater blessing from God, more worthy so excellent a creature as man is, and a higher end to honour and sanctifie the league of marriage, when as the solace and satisfaction of the mind is regarded and provided for before the sensitive pleasing of the body."—TODD.

[35] Ver. 627. *Union of pure with pure.* Raphael had said that spirits "mix total;" that is one circumstance in which they differ from men; viz. they are so unrestrained, that they need no conveyance; that is, need not move to meet one another, as our flesh does to meet with other flesh, and one soul with another soul, *mediante corpore.*—PEARCE.

[36] Ver. 630. *But I can now no more.* The conversation had now become of such a nature, that it was proper to put an end to it. And now the "parting sun beyond the earth's green cape," beyond Cape de Verd, the most western point of Africa; "and verdant isles," the islands of Cape de Verd; "Hesperian sets," sets westward, from Hesperus the evening star appearing there; "my signal to depart," for he was only to stay till the evening. See b. v. 376. And he very properly closes his discourse with those moral instructions, which should make the most lasting impression on the mind of Adam, and to deliver which was

the principal end and design of the angel's coming.—NEWTON.

[37] Ver. 634. *Him, whom to love is to obey.* "For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments," 1 John v. 3. His "great command" every body will understand to be the trial of Adam's obedience.—NEWTON.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which the discourse of the archangel Raphael made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days' works. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements much more suitable to her sex: he well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing; and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's inquiries was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns; but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy: the chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypotheses are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation, as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us than to

hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode: as our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days' works, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel: the first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral, v. 210, &c.: the other I shall mention is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate, v. 229, &c. There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that of Virgil's sixth book, where Æneas and the sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are described as shut upon the place of torments; and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the delightful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion! He is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature: he also is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he, and every thing about him, must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful; and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the

creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination: his next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired: his dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, and his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature: they are such as none but a great genius could have thought of; though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the introduction of the Tree of Life left in the mind of our first parent is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him: this dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem: the more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of the sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it.

The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, in v. 367, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve: the new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely:—

> Under his forming hands a creature grew,
> Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
> That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up, &c.

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship; are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments. Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which he described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his 'Fall of Man;' he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense!

These sentiments of love in our first parent give the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general from the excess of this passion: he therefore fortifies

him against it by timely admonitions, which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book; where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem: his discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise.

Adam's speech, at parting from the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature; and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.—ADDISON.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE most extraordinary part of this story is Eve's perverse resolve to separate herself from Adam in her morning cultivation of the garden, contrary to Adam's remonstrances; and her so soon falling into the serpent's snares, though so very strongly warned: this is not consistent with the goodness which the poet before ascribed to her. To me it appears that there is a good deal of concealed satire in this: it was open to the poet to have represented her making a longer struggle; and not having before exposed herself, almost as if voluntarily, to the temptation. Eve ought to have been too happy in her favoured state to be seduced by the serpent's arguments, which were only calculated to mislead those who were oppressed; and saw pleasures around them, all of which they were restrained from tasting. The moment Eve partook of the poison, it produced an intoxication, which made it frightfully sensual; and I must confess, I think that Milton is not blameless, and has not his usual sanctity of strain, in the pictures he consequently draws: as poetry, it is exquisite; as morality, it is dangerous,—almost disgusting. Allow the story to take this turn, and the bard almost exceeds himself in richness: the remorse, sickness, and despondence which follow, are nobly

exhibited; and here, perhaps, it will be contended, lies the moral: but the parties have deserved their fate; and this lessens our pity for them: for Adam ought not so easily to have yielded to Eve's persuasions,—fully aware as he was of the consequences. All this, I must venture to say, is an outrage upon the probable. The mutual crimination and recrimination is drawn with perfect mastery; but Eve's reproach to Adam, as being the more offending person because he had indulged her, is a little too provoking.

The descriptive parts glow with a uniform freshness, splendour, and nature; with a compactness of imagery, and a simple and naked force of language, which make all pictures of other poets fade away before them. There never appears a superfluous word, or one which is not pregnant with thought and matter.

The sentiments have a weight and a profundity of wisdom which seem like inspiration: out of every incident arise such reflections as have the spell of oracles.

As Milton lived in visions, all his dialogues were pertinent to his characters; and it is by these dialogues that the imagery, as connected with them, is made to have a double force. The inanimate material world derives almost all its interest from its connexion with human intellectuality: for this reason Gray expressed an opinion that a merely descriptive poem was an imperfect work. The charm of Gray's 'Elegy' is, that all his imagery has a moral adjunct; but the moral of Milton is deeper, more extended and more reflective, than of others: his illustrations are drawn from all the founts of knowledge, learning, and wisdom, sacred and profane: he has the art of making us see features and colours in the forms of nature, which we did not see before.

The ninth book is that on which the whole fate and fall of man turns; and so far is the most important. It is

called the most tender. If the submission to sensual human passions be tenderness, it is so; taking the resistance to those passions to be loftiness. The serpent himself appears to have been enamoured of Eve's beauty and loveliness of mien, and for a moment to have repented of the evil he was plotting to bring upon her.

All that we know from the Mosaic history is, that the serpent tempted Eve, and Eve tempted Adam to eat of the forbidden fruit; but we do not know by what wiles this sin was brought about. We may suppose that by the serpent the operation of the evil passions of contradiction, disobedience, rebellion, and scepticism was meant; just as we may suppose that Eve persisted in roaming alone in spite of Adam's dissuasions, merely because her pride was thwarted by her husband's fear that 'some harm should befall her' in his absence.

Critics will say, that had she been more purely virtuous, Heaven would not have decreed the loss of Paradise; and therefore that it was of the essence of the story to represent her thus guilty. It may be deemed highly presumptuous in me to suggest that Milton might have represented her equally guilty, with more probability and more spirituality. He might have painted mental delusions rather than the intoxicating pleasures of the senses: it was open to him to follow his own course in the inventions of his overflowing imagination; but it could never be necessary to Milton's genius to dwell on matter rather than on spirit. The luxuriance of description has made this a favourite book of the poem: it is this luxuriance which I think misplaced in so holy a work.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK IX.

Satan having encompassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength: Adam at last yields; the serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now: the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden; the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

No more of talk[1] where God or angel guest[2]
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
Those notes to tragic;[3] foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience: on the part of Heaven
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
Death's harbinger: sad task! yet argument
Not less, but more heroic, than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage

Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late;[4]
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument[5]
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights,
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,[6]
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases[7] and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshal'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late or cold[8]
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star

Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night;[9] and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round;
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driven,
The space of seven continued nights[10] he rode
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;[11]
On the eighth return'd; and, on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot underground; till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land
From Eden over Pontus,[12] and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;

Downward as far antarctic; and in length,
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd[13]
At Darien; thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
The serpent subtlest beast[14] of all the field.
Him, after long debate irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose;
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight; for, in the wily snake
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolved; but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferr'd[15]
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial heaven, danced round by other heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems;
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,
Centring, receivest from all those orbs: in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears

Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life,
Of growth, sense, reason,[16] all summ'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught! sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no, nor in heaven
To dwell, unless by mastering heaven's Supreme:
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made; all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making; and who knows how long,
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed

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From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his created;[17] or, to spite us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth; and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed,
He effected; man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounced; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel-wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthy charge: of these the vigilance
I dread; and, to elude, thus wrapp'd in mist
Of midnight vapour glide obscure; and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the highth of deity aspired!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:[18]

Let it; I reck not,[19] so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite;
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.
So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
Fearless unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth
The devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light[20] began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense,[21] when all things, that breathe,
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew

The hands' dispatch of two, gardening so wide;
And Eve first to her husband thus began:
Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but, till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
Let us divide our labours; thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs; whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb: while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near[22]
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear!
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food;
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk; till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us; what malicious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God; or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;

Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,[23]
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied:
Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's lord!
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.[24]
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not; being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam replied:
Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!
For such thou art; from sin and blame entire:

Not diffident of thee, do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight; but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul; supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn:
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:
If this be our condition, thus to dwell

In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met;
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false; find peace within,
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exteriour help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so;
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed.

To whom thus Adam fervently[25] replied:
O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created: much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force: within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm:
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect;
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,

She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve
First thy obedience; the other who can know?
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;[26]
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all:
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine.

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only; that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepared;
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand

Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardening-tools as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd; Pomona, when she fled
Vertumnus; or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.[27]
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated: she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O, much deceived,[28] much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft

Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;
Or that, not mystic,[29] where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe

Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil,[30] and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge:
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects; and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:
  Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us? hate, not love; nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying: other joy

To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not informidable! exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath hell debased, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!
Not terrible, though terrour be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd;
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold,[31] a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus,[32] or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove or Capitoline was seen;
He with Olympias; this with her who bore
Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract oblique

At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,[33]
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder! much less arm
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admired; but here

In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A goddess among gods, adored and served
By angels numberless, thy daily train.
So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:
What may this mean? language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued:
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How camest thou speakable of mute; and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be obey'd:
I was at first as other beasts that graze

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd,
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play,
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour,
At feed or fountain, never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers; and speech
Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep

I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in heaven,
Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second! which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declared
Sovran of creatures, universal dame!
So talk'd[31] the spirited sly snake; and Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved:
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad:
Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.
Lead then, said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy

Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:
  Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects!
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves;[35] our reason is our law.
  To whom the tempter guilefully replied:
Indeed![36] hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?
  To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and, as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd,
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue;
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,
The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:
O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die;[37]
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? and not praise

Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just:
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death[38] removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? why, but to awe?
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows, that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are gods, that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it; for this fair earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things; who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts? These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused:
Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired;
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste: but his forbidding

Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had; or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, authour unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good or evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk

The guilty serpent, and well might; for Eve,
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted; whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge: nor was godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself[39] she pleasingly began:
O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give:
For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,
Best guide: not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And givest access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret:[40] Heaven is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort

Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me; or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal; and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superiour; for, inferiour, who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more!
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd;
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown;
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted: by the tree

Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd:

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence; agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way; but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such: the serpent, wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond: opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;

Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
  Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horrour chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale; till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke:
  O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works! creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance? how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown;
And me with thee hath ruin'd: for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,

To live again in these wild woods forlorn?[41]
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford; yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd:
Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate: yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die;[42] perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first
Made common, and unhallow'd, ere our taste:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
Lives, as thou said'st, and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demigods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,

Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose;
Not well conceived of God, who, though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph, and say,—Fickle their state, whom God
Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?—
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own;
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied:
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate; but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,

To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
Deserted than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace: chiefly, assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful, love unequal'd: but I feel
Far otherwise the event; not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense, (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge; not deceived,[42]
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;

Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original: while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn;
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part;
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious: I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting: if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense

With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent; well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth; earth's freshest, softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
As from unrest; and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty shame: he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare

Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd:
O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
False in our promised rising; since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got:
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know;
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,
Ev'n shame, the last of evils: of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured; where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide

The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts; that this new-comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counsel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fig-tree,[45] not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;
And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O, how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears

Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise; high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For understanding ruled not, and the will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran reason claim'd
Superiour sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd:
Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy: not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good; shamed, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.
To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve:
What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe?
Imputest thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd, thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd

Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou said'st?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay;
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve? express'd
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;
Who might have lived, and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this, had been force;
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on; secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps
I also err'd, in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,

And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him, who, to worth in woman[46] overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

NOTES ON BOOK IX.

[1] VERSE 1. *No more of talk.* These prologues, or prefaces of Milton to some of his books, speaking of his own person, lamenting his blindness, and preferring his subject to those of Homer and Virgil, and the greatest poets before him, are condemned by some critics; and it must be allowed that we find no such digression in the 'Iliad' or 'Æneid:'—it is a liberty that can be taken only by such a genius as Milton, and I question whether it would have succeeded in any hands but his. As Voltaire says upon the occasion, I cannot but own that an author is generally guilty of an unpardonable self-love, when he lays aside his subject to descant upon his own person:—but that human frailty is to be forgiven in Milton; nay, I am pleased with it. He gratifies the curiosity he has raised in me about his person;—when I admire the author, I desire to know something of the man; and he, whom all readers would be glad to know, is allowed to speak of himself. But this, however, is a very dangerous example for a genius of an inferior order, and is only to be justified by success. See Voltaire's

'Essay on Epic Poetry,' p. 111. But, as Mr. Thyer adds, however some critics may condemn a poet's sometimes digressing from his subject to speak of himself, it is very certain that Milton was of a very different opinion long before he thought of writing this poem: for, in his discourse of the 'Reason of Church Government,' &c., apologizing for saying so much of himself as he there does, he adds,—"For, although a poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me, sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself, I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me," vol. i. p. 59, ed. 1738.—NEWTON.

[2] Ver. 1. *God or angel guest.* Milton, who knew and studied the Scripture thoroughly, and continually profits himself of its vast sublimity, as well as of the more noble treasures it contains, and to which his poem owes its greatest lustre, has done it here very remarkably.—RICHARDSON.

The poet says that he must now treat no more of familiar discourse with either god or angel: for Adam had held discourse with God, as we read in the preceding book; and the whole foregoing episode is a conversation with the angel. —NEWTON.

[3] Ver. 5. *I now must change*
Those notes to tragic.

As the author is now changing his subject, he professes likewise to change his style agreeably to it: the reader therefore must not expect such lofty images and descriptions as before. What follows is more of the tragic strain than of the epic:—which may serve as an answer to those critics who censure the latter books of the 'Paradise Lost,' as falling below the former.—NEWTON.

[4] Ver. 26. *Long choosing, and beginning late.* Milton intended pretty early to write an epic poem, and proposed the story of 'King Arthur' for the subject: but that was laid aside probably for the reasons here intimated. The 'Paradise Lost' he designed at first as a tragedy: it was not till long after that he began to form it into an epic poem; and, indeed, for several years he was so hotly engaged in the controversies of the times, that he was not at leisure to think of a work of this nature; and did not begin to fashion it in its present form, till after the Salmasian controversy which ended in 1655; and probably did not set about the work in earnest till after the Restoration: so that he was "long choosing, and beginning late."—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 28. *The only argument.* The three species of the epic poem are morality, politics, and religion: these have been occupied by Homer, Virgil, and Milton. Here then the grand scene is closed, and all farther improvements of the epic at an end.—NEWTON.

A cruel sentence indeed, and a very severe statute of limitation; enough, if it had any foundation, to destroy any future attempt of any exalted genius that might arise. But, in truth, the assertion is totally groundless and chimerical. Each of the three poets might change the stations here assigned to them: Homer might assume to himself the province of politics; Virgil, of morality; and Milton, of both; who is also a strong proof that human action is not the largest sphere of epic poetry.—Jos. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 33. *Races and games.* As the ancient poets have done; Homer in the twenty-third book of the 'Iliad;' Virgil in the fifth book of the 'Æneid;' and Statius in the sixth book of his 'Thebaid:' or tilts and tournaments, which are often the subject of the modern poets, as Ariosto, Spenser, and the like.—NEWTON.

[7] Ver. 36. *Bases.* Bases signify the mantle which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback.—TODD.

[8] Ver. 44. *An age too late, or cold.* He has a thought of the same kind in his 'Reason of Church-Government,' b. ii. speaking of epic poems:—"If to the instinct of nature, and the imboldening of art, aught may be trusted; and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories."—*Or years damp,* &c. For he was near sixty when this poem was published: and it is surprising, that, at that time of life, and after such troublesome days as he had passed through, he should have so much poetical fire remaining.—NEWTON.

[9] Ver. 50. *Short arbiter*
'Twixt day and night.

This expression was probably borrowed from the beginning of Sydney's 'Arcadia,' where, speaking of the sun about the time of the equinox, he calls him "an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day."—NEWTON.

[10] Ver. 63. *Seven continued nights.* Satan was three days compassing the earth from east to west, and four days from north to south, but still kept always in the shade of night; and, after a whole week's peregrination in this manner, on the eighth night returned by stealth into Paradise.—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 66. *Each colure.* The colures are two great circles, intersecting each other at right angles in the poles of the world, and encompassing the earth from north to south, and from south to north again.—NEWTON.

[12] Ver. 77. *From Eden over Pontus.* As we had before an astronomical, so here we have a geographical account of Satan's peregrinations.—NEWTON.

[13] Ver. 80. *Ocean barr'd.* See Job xxxviii. 10:—"And set bars to the sea."—NEWTON.

[14] Ver. 86. *The serpent, subtlest beast.* So Moses, Gen. iii. 1:—"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field."

[15] Ver. 99. *If not preferr'd.* I reckon this panegyric upon the earth among the less perfect parts of the poem. The beginning is extravagant, and what follows is not consistent with what the author had said before, in his description of Satan's passage among the stars and planets, which are said then to appear to him as other worlds inhabited. See b. iii. 566. The imagination, that all the heavenly bodies were created for the sake of the earth, was natural to human ignorance; and human vanity might find its account in it: but neither of these could influence Satan. —HEYLIN.

It is common for people to undervalue what they have forfeited and lost by their folly and wickedness, and to overvalue any good that they hope to attain: so Satan is here made to question whether earth be not preferable to heaven; but this is spoken of earth in its primitive and original beauty before the Fall.

Satan was willing to insinuate imperfection in God, as if he had mended his hand by creation, and as if all the works of God were not perfect in their kinds, and in their degrees, and for the ends for which they were intended.—NEWTON.

[16] Ver. 113. *Of growth, sense, reason.* The three kinds of life, rising as it were by steps, the vegetable, animal, and

rational; of all which man partakes, and he only: he grows as plants, minerals, and all things inanimate; he lives as all other animal creatures; but is over and above endued with reason.—Richardson.

[17] Ver. 146. *If they at least*
Are his created.

He questions whether the angels were created by God; he had before asserted that they were not, to the angels themselves, b. v. 859.—Newton.

[18] Ver. 172. *Back on itself recoils.* The same sentiment as in 'Comus,' v. 593:—

But evil on itself shall back recoil.

Todd.

[19] Ver. 173. *Let it; I reck not.* A truly diabolical sentiment. So he can but be any way revenged, he does not value, though his revenge recoil on himself.—Newton.

I have often wondered that this speech of Satan's escaped the particular observation of Addison. There is not in my opinion any one in the whole book that is worked up with greater judgment, or better suited to the character of the speaker. There is all the horrour and malignity of a fiend-like spirit expressed; and yet this is so artfully tempered with Satan's starts of recollection upon the meanness and folly of what he was going to undertake, as plainly show the remains of the archangel, and the ruins of a superior nature.—Thyer.

[20] Ver. 192. *Now, when as sacred light.* This is the morning of the ninth day, as far as we can reckon the time in this poem; a great part of the action lying out of the sphere of day. The first day we reckon that wherein Satan came to the earth; the space of seven days after that he was coasting round the earth; he comes into Paradise

again by night; and this is the beginning of the ninth day, and the last of man's innocence and happiness. The morning is often called "sacred" by the poets, because that time is usually allotted to sacrifice and devotion, as Eustathius says, in his remarks on Homer.—NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 194. *Their morning incense.*

Incense of the breathing spring.—POPE.

Incense-breathing morn.—GRAY.

[22] Ver. 221. *So near.* The repetition, *so near*, is extremely beautiful; and naturally comes in here, as the chief intent of Eve's speech was to persuade Adam to let her go from him: she therefore dwells on *so near*, as the great obstacle to their working to any purpose.—STILLINGFLEET.

[23] Ver. 270. *The virgin majesty of Eve.* The ancients used the word virgin with more latitude than we; as Virgil calls Pasiphae virgin, after she had three children, Ecl. vi. 47. and Ovid calls Medea "adultera virgo," Epist. Hypsip. Jas. v. 133. It is put here to denote beauty, bloom, sweetness, modesty, and all the amiable characters which are usually found in a virgin; and these with matron-majesty: what a picture!—RICHARDSON.

[24] Ver. 278. *Evening flowers.* What a natural notation of evening is this! And a proper time for her, who had gone "forth among her fruits and flowers," b. viii. 44, to return. But we must not conceive that Eve is speaking of the evening last past, for this was a week ago. Satan was caught tempting Eve in a dream, and fled out of Paradise that night; and with this ends book the fourth. After he had fled out of Paradise, he was ranging round the world seven days; but we have not any account of Adam and Eve, excepting only on the first of those days, which begins with the beginning of book the fifth, where

Eve relates her dream: that day at noon the angel Raphael comes down from heaven; the angel and Adam discourse together till evening, and they part at the end of book the eighth. There are six days therefore past in silence; and we hear no more of Adam and Eve till Satan has stolen again into Paradise.—NEWTON.

[25] Ver. 342. *Thus Adam fervently.* What Eve had just now said required some reprimand from Adam, and it was necessary to describe him as in some degree displeased; but what extreme delicacy has our author shown in choosing the word *fervently* to express it by! a term, which, though it implies some emotion, yet carries nothing in its idea inconsistent with that subserviency of the passions which subsisted before the Fall. In the two foregoing speeches he had made Adam address himself to her in the affectionate terms of "sole Eve, associate sole," and "Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve;" but here with great judgment he changes those endearing words for these more authoritative,—"O woman!" I should think that Milton in this expression alluded to what our Saviour said to the Virgin Mary,—"Woman, what have I to do with thee?" were not I satisfied that he could not with his learning take these words in the vulgar mistaken sense, which our translation naturally leads ignorant readers into; and must very well know that γυνη, amongst the Greeks, is a term of great respect. Indeed, throughout this whole conversation, which the poet has in every respect worked up to a faultless perfection, there is the most exact observance of justness and propriety of character. With what strength is the superior excellency of man's understanding here pointed out, and how nicely does our author here sketch out the defects peculiar in general to the female mind! and after all, what great art has he shown in making Adam, contrary to his better reason, grant his spouse's request, beautifully verifying what he had made our general

ancestor a little before observe to the angel! b. viii. 546 &c.—THYER.

[26] Ver. 372. *Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.* It is related of Milton's first wife, that she had not cohabited with him above a month, before she was very desirous of returning to her friends in the country, there to spend the remainder of the summer. We may suppose that, upon this occasion, their conversation was somewhat of the same nature as Adam and Eve's; and it was upon some such consideration as this, that, after much solicitation, he permitted her to go. It is the more probable that he alluded to his own case in this account of Adam and Eve's parting; as, in the account of their reconciliation, it will appear that he copied exactly what happened to himself.—NEWTON.

[27] Ver. 396. *Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.* A virgin, not having yet conceived Proserpina, who was begot by Jove.—WARBURTON.

[28] Ver. 404. *O, much deceived.* That is, much failing of thy presumed return. These beautiful apostrophes and anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and like men inspired with the knowledge of futurity. See Virg. Æn. x. 501, &c., and Homer, Il. xvii. 497.—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 442. *Or that, not mystic.* The garden of Solomon.—TODD.

[30] Ver. 464. *From his own evil.* This passage is pre-eminently beautiful, and of extraordinary originality.

[31] Ver. 499. *Fold above fold.* We have the description of such a sort of serpent in Ovid, Met. iii. 32:—

Cristis præsignis et auro;
Igne micant oculi.———

Ille volubilibus squamosos nexibus orbes
Torquet, et immensos saltu sinuatur in arcus:
Ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras,
Despicit omne nemus, &c.

[32] Ver. 506. *Hermione and Cadmus.* The serpents that changed Hermione and Cadmus into themselves.

[33] Ver. 530. *Organic, or impulse of vocal air.* That the devil moved the serpent's tongue, and used it as an instrument to form that tempting speech he made to Eve, is the opinion of some; that he formed a voice by impression of the sounding air, distant from the serpent, is that of others; of which Milton has left the curious to their choice.—HUME.

[34] Ver. 613. *So talk'd.* Milton has shown more art and ability in taking off the common objections to the Mosaic history of the temptation, by the addition of some circumstances of his own invention, than in any other theological part of his poem.—WARBURTON.

[35] Ver. 654. *Law to ourselves.* See Rom. ii. 14: "These, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."—RICHARDSON.

[36] Ver. 656. *Indeed.* See Gen. iii. 1: "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" In which our author has followed the Chaldee paraphrase, interpreting the Hebrew particle *indeed.* Is it true that God has forbidden you to eat of the fruits of Paradise? as if he had forbidden them to taste, not of one, but of all the trees; another of Satan's sly insinuations. The Hebrew particle *yea,* or *indeed,* plainly shows that the short and summary account which Moses gives of the serpent's temptation has respect to some previous discourse, which could, in all probability, be no other than what Milton has pitched upon.—HUME.

[37] Ver. 685. *Ye shall not die.* See Gen. iii. 4: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die." And it is very artfully contrived by Milton to make the serpent give an instance in himself.—NEWTON.

[38] Ver. 702. *Your fear itself of death.* Justice is inseparable from the very being and essence of God; so that could he be unjust, he would be no longer God, and then neither to be obeyed nor feared; so that the fear of death, which does imply injustice in God, destroys itself, because God can as well cease to be, as to be just: a Satanic syllogism.—HUME.

[39] Ver. 794. *Thus to herself.* As our author had, in the preceding conference betwixt our first parents, described, with the greatest art and decency, the subordination and inferiority of the female character in strength of reason and understanding; so, in this soliloquy of Eve's, after tasting the forbidden fruit, one may observe the same judgment, in his varying and adapting it to the condition of her fallen nature. Instead of those little defects in her intellectual faculties before the Fall, which were sufficiently compensated by her outward charms, and were rather softenings than blemishes in her character; we see her now running into the greatest absurdities, and indulging the wildest imaginations. It has been remarked that our poet, in this work, seems to court the favour of his female readers very much: yet I cannot help thinking, but that in this place he intended a satirical as well as a moral hint to the ladies, in making one of Eve's first thoughts, after her fatal lapse, to be, how to get the superiority and mastery over her husband. There is, however, I think, a defect in this speech of Eve's, that there is no notice taken of the serpent in it. Our author very naturally represents her, in the first transports of delight, expressing her gratitude to the fruit, which she fancied had wrought such a happy change in her; and

next to "experience, her best guide;" but how is it possible that she should, in these rapturous acknowledgments, forget her guide and instructor, the serpent, to whom, in her then notion of things, she must think herself the most indebted? I do not doubt but Milton was sensible of this; but, had he made Eve mention the serpent, he could not have avoided too making her observe that he was slunk away; which might have given her some suspicions, and would consequently have much altered the scene which follows between Adam and her.—THYER.

[40] Ver. 811. *And I perhaps am secret.* She questions even God's Omniscience, and flatters herself that she is still in secret, like other sinners, who say, "The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it." Psalm xciv. 7.—NEWTON.

[41] Ver. 910. *Woods forlorn.* How vastly expressive are these words of Adam's tenderness and affection for Eve; as they imply that the mere imagination of losing her had already converted the sweets of Paradise into the horrors of a desolate wilderness!—THYER.

[42] Ver. 928. *Perhaps thou shalt not die.* How just a picture does Milton here give us of the natural imbecility of the human mind, and its aptness to be warped into false judgments and reasonings by passion and inclination!—THYER.

[43] Ver. 998. *Not deceived.* According to the historical relation of Moses, he did not plead for himself that he was deceived, the excuse of Eve cheated by the serpent; but rather enticed and persuaded by her. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat," Gen. iii. 12. Whence St. Paul, "Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the trans-

gression," 1 Tim. ii. 14. Overcome with female charms, which the holy page styles "hearkening unto the voice of his wife," Gen. iii. 17.

[44] Ver. 1083. *Cover me, ye pines.* This beautifully poetical address of Adam to the pines and cedars to shelter him from the face of God and angel must be referred to Scripture; and we cannot doubt but that Milton here has taken his general idea from the description of the end of the world and the day of wrath, in the Revelations: "And the kings of the earth and the great men hid themselves in the dens and rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Rev. vi. 13, 14, 15.—DUNSTER.

[45] Ver. 1101. *The fig-tree.* Instead of a variety of references to books,—a remote satisfaction; the reader will compare at once the passage from Pliny, which has received the advantage of Milton's versification:—

"Ficus ibi exilia poma habet. Ipsa se semper ferens, vastis diffunditur ramis: quorum pondera adeo in terram curvantur, ut annuo spatio infigantur, novamque sibi propaginem faciant circa parentem in orbes quodam opere topiario. Intra sepem eam æstivant pastores, opacam pariter et munitam vallo arboris, decora specie subter intuenti, proculve fornicato ambitu. Foliorum latitudo peltæ effigiem Amazonicæ habet."—Plinius, lib. xii. 5. de ficu Indica.

[46] Ver. 1183. *Worth in women.* I have corrected this inaccuracy, and inserted *woman* in the present text; not in deference to the assertion of Dr. Bentley, or the inclination of Bishop Newton; but to the more decisive authority of Milton himself, in another passage of the same book; where Adam is also the speaker:—

for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote. v. 232, et seq.

Both passages speak alike of woman in the abstract; both alike use the same pronoun, "her," to this antecedent.

The ninth book is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden tree; that she was overcome by this temptation; and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced: he has disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon Sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one who was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy from this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then de-

scribed as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was cursed, as a great altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration.

The dispute, which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art: it proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion; and is managed with reason, not with heat: it is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of: that force of love, which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, shows itself here in many fine instances:—as in those regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him; in his impatience and amusement during her absence; but particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her, v. 904, &c. The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion.

The subtle wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband,—the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe,—are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my observations on the first book: there is one, however, in this part of the poem, which I shall here notice, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance.

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments. When Dido, in the fourth Æneid, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us, the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit: upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions. As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathising in the fall of man.—Addison.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

CERTAINLY Milton has in this book shown to an amazing extent all the variety of his powers in striking contrast with each other: the sublimity of the celestial persons; the gigantic wickedness of the infernal; the mingled excellence and human infirmities of Adam and Eve; and the shadowy and terrific beings of Sin and Death. Of any other poet, "the imagination would have been exhausted in the preceding books: in Milton, it still gathers strength, and grows bolder and bolder, and darts with more expanded wings. When Sin and Death deserted the gates of hell, and made their way to earth, the conception and expression of all the circumstances is of a supernatural force.

For my part, I see no adequate reason why the whole of an epic poem should not consist of allegorical or shadowy beings; nor do I see even why they should not be mixed in action with those imaginary persons who represent realities: certainly the poetical parts of the Scriptures every where embody such shadowy existences.

Sin and Death might have flown through the air from

hell to earth as shadowy personifications, without the aid of a bridge of matter; but this ought not to have prohibited the poet from picturing a bridge of matter, if his imagination led him to that device. It was intended to typify the facility of access contrived by Sin and Death from hell to this terrestrial globe, not only for themselves, but for all their ministers and innumerable followers. The moral is obvious: what is intended to be conveyed is, though figuratively told, in perfect concurrence with our faith, instead of shocking it. We must cut away all the most impressive parts of poetry, if we do not allow these figurative inventions.

It may be admitted that it requires a rich mind duly to enjoy and appreciate these grand and spiritual agencies; they therefore who have cold conceptions eagerly catch hold of these censures to justify their own insensibility: they *can* understand illustrations drawn from objects daily in solid forms before their eyes. But it is not only in the description of forms and actions that the bard has a strength and brilliance so wonderful: he is equally happy in the sentiments he attributes to each personage: all speak in their own distinct characters, with a justness and individuality which meet instant recognition, and waken an indescribable assent and pleasure. Thus Adam and Eve, when they know the displeasure of the Almighty, and are overwhelmed with fear and remorse, each express themselves according to their separate casts of mind, disposition, and circumstances: their moans are deeply affecting. To my taste, this book is much more lofty, and much more pathetic, than the ninth: as the subject was much more difficult, so it is executed with much more miraculous vigour and originality.

The representation of the manner in which God's judg-

ment upon earth was executed by changing the seasons, putting the elements into contest, and deteriorating all nature, fills the imagination with wonder, and brings out new touches of poetry with a magical effect.

In others the poetical language seems a sort of cover,—a gilding; in Milton it is a part and essence of the thought. The primary image is poetical; the poetry does not depend upon the illustration; though sometimes there is a union, and it is thus to be found in both: but if the secondary has it, the first never wants it.

The characters of Milton are all compound and reflective; they are not merely intuitive, like Shakspeare's: they have therefore more of that invention which is comprehensive, and requires study to appreciate. The whole of 'Paradise Lost' from beginning to end is part of one inseparable web; and however beautiful detached parts may appear, not half their genius or wisdom can be felt or understood except in connexion with the whole. There are congruities and allusions in every word, which are lost, unless we attend to their essential relation to the whole scheme.

It is this intensity and inseparability of the web which is among the miracles of Milton's execution. Grace, strength, splendour, depth, all depend upon its unity. As no texture was ever before produced out of particles drawn from such an extent of space, and such a variety of mines; so the amalgamation of all into one perfect whole is the more astonishing.

Such is the erudition applied to this most wonderful work, that nothing less than the conjoined attempts of a whole body of learned men for a century has been able to explain its inexhaustible allusions; and even yet the task is not completed.

Little comparative invention is required for a fable drawn from history, observation, and experience; but Milton had to travel into other worlds of higher natures, and superior powers: he had to imagine on subjects out of the human track, not only according to probability, but limited both by authority and religious awe, where nothing wanton, fantastic, or unsolemn could be endured.

It is more easy to make the fictitious resemblance of an ideal conception agreeable and brilliant at first, than of a severe abstract truth. After deep study and long examination, we find the superior grandeur and merit of the latter. Such was the praise to which Milton aspired, and to which he is entitled. There are vapours in the sky, shot through by golden beams, at which we gaze for a moment with delight; but which dissolve away, and leave us disappointed in the dark: there are *ignes fatui* raised by some idle wanderings of nature's conflicts, which have neither heat, nor solace, nor nutriment. That which finds a clear and responsive mirror in the intellect is truth.

There are certain predispositions in the human mind to poetical visionariness: we love to view things more fair or more majestic than reality presents. By imagination we can see into the souls of characters far better than cold history instructs us: we behold thus all the loveliness of beauty, all the mightiness of strength, all the splendour of mind, all the tenderness of the heart, in their essences. But this high creativeness can only be produced by one of those purest of beings who is endued with the positive faculties of the Muse.

> The spacious firmament on high,
> And all the blue ethereal sky,

when pointed out by a poet's hand, fills with astonishment and devotion those who before beheld them dimly and with

indifference. Thus the charms of the new world, in which Adam and Eve were placed, were unheeded till they were delineated by Milton's song.

But it is in the associations that the grand art of impressiveness lies. In this tenth book the story is as thick-wove as it is grand.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK X.

Man's transgression known, the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressours; who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandæmonium; in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily

bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

Meanwhile the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd,
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,

Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;
And, manifold in sin,[1] deserved to fall.
Up into heaven from Paradise in haste
The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From earth arrived at heaven-gate, displeased
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare[2]
That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new arrived in multitudes
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they towards the throne supreme,
Accountable, made haste, to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approved; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice:
  Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent;
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
On his bad errand; man should be seduced,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring, to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free-will, to her own inclining left

In even scale. But fallen he is; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounced that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted,[3] as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd[4]
All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice,[5] sending thee,
Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destined man himself to judge man fallen.
So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blazed forth unclouded deity: he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:
Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will
Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressours; but thou know'st,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertook
Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me derived: yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most

Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment but the judged,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory. Him thrones, and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to heaven-gate; from whence
Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low[6]
From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came the mild Judge and Intercessour both,
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears while day declined; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
Where art thou, Adam,[7] wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here;
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought!

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!
He came; and with him Eve, more loth, though first
To offend; discountenanced both and discomposed:
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief:
I heard thee in the garden; and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile replied:
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoiced; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam sore beset replied:
O heaven! in evil strait[6] this day I stand
Before my Judge; either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint: but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all
Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman,[9] whom thou madest to be my help,
And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill;
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superiour, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such, as under government well seem'd;
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
Say, woman, what[10] is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied:
The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To judgment he proceeded on the accused
Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation: *justly then accursed,*
As vitiated in nature: *more to know*
Concern'd not man (*since he no farther knew*),
Nor alter'd his offence; *yet God at last*
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied;
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:
Because thou hast done this,[11] thou art accursed
Above all cattle, each beast of the field:
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity; and between thine and her seed:
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.
So spake this oracle, then verified,[12]
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall,[13] like lightning, down from heaven,
Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave,
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show; and, with ascension bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n he, who now foretold his fatal bruise:
And to the woman[14] thus his sentence turn'd:
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring

In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof;
Cursed is the ground for thy sake: thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field:
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth;
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
Removed far off: then, pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,[15]
As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts,[16] or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness[17]
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,

Into his blissful bosom reassumed,
In glory, as of old: to him appeased,
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judged on earth,
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:
O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great authour, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers; since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large,
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along;
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious; let us try

Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world,
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon:
Go, whither fate, and inclination strong,
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live;
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock [18]
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battel, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcases design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air;
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out hell gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell:
As when two polar winds,[19] blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident, smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on,
Over the foaming deep high-arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes,[20] the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track

Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast; too fast they made
And durable! And now in little space
The confines met of empyrean heaven,
And of this world; and, on the left hand, hell
With long reach interposed; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur[21] and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguised he came; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape,
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
The present; fearing, guilty, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd:

And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood; till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies! which thou view'st as not thine own:
Thou art their authour, and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divined
(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet)
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee, with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track:
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay,
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost; and fully avenged
Our foil in heaven: here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,

As battel hath adjudged; from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.
Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad:
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both;
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of heaven's Almighty King);
Amply have merited of me, of all
The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm,
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore,—while I
Descend through darkness, on your road, with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice;—
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared:
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might

Issuing from me; on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell
No detriment need fear: go, and be strong!
So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane;[22] the blasted stars look'd wan;[23]
And planets, planet-struck,[24] real eclipse
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The causey to hell-gate: on either side
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge[25] the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those,
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandæmonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer; so by allusion call'd
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd:
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperour sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observed.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan,[26] over the snowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat

To Tauris or Casbeen; so these, the late
Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis; and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst[27] unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne; which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen:
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter; clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim;
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention, won:
Thrones, dominations,[28] princedoms, virtues, powers;
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,

And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd; with what pain
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride
The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild;
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection! therein man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator; and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey; and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between

Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?
So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause,
To fill his ear: when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn: he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more:
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell[29]
A monstrous serpent[30] on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,
And dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,

Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array;
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief.
They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horrour on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for, what they saw,
They felt themselves, now changing: down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast;
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd, by contagion; like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining,
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them farther woe or shame;

Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and, up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra. Greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake[31] where Sodom flamed;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived: they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as man
Whom they triumph'd once lapsed.[32] Thus were they plagued,
And worn with famine long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride and joy for man seduced.
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the heathen of their purchase got;
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair

Too soon arrived; Sin, there in power[33] before,
Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse;[34] to whom Sin thus began:
Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!
What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travail difficult? not better far,
Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved?
Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon:
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heaven;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet:
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems[35]
To stuff this maw, this vast un-hidebound[36] corpse.
To whom the incestuous mother thus replied:
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
No homely morsels: and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared;
Till I, in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature

Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice:
See, with what heat these dogs of hell[37] advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created; and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly; and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till, cramm'd and gorged, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning grave,[38] at last,
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell[39]
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heaven and earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes.
He ended, and the heavenly audience loud

Sung halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works:
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heaven descend. Such was their song;
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five
Their planetary motions, and aspects,
In sextile,[41] square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terrour through the dark aëreal hall.
Some say, he bid his angels[42] turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe: some say, the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road

Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the tropic Crab: thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone; while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland,[43] and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet,[44] turn'd
His course intended; else, how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
Like change on sea and land; sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now, from the north
Of Norumbega,[45] and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias,[46] and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds
From Serraliona: thwart of these, as fierce,

Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduced, through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish: to graze the herb[47] all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him; or, with countenance grim,
Glared on him passing. These were from without[48]
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:
O miserable of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory? who now become
Accursed, of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve:
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, Increase and multiply;
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse

My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure! 735
For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;
On me, as on their natural centre, light 740
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear-bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay[49]
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign and render back
All I received; unable to perform 750
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems: yet, to say truth, too late 755
I thus contest; then should have been refused
Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed:
Thou didst[50] accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
Prove disobedient, and, reproved, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot. 765

God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice[51] no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life,[52] the spirit of man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no farther knows:
For, though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise

Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held; as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
By which all causes else,[53] according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward; which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me; and so last
To perpetuity:—ay, me! that fear
Comes thundering[54] back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both:
Nor I on my part single;[55] in me all
Posterity stands cursed: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved,
Not to do only, but to will the same

With me? How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear;
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example[56] and future:
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrours hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
Through the still night;[57] not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied; with damps and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terrour: on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
Cursed his creation; death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,
Said he, with one thrice-acceptable stroke

To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But death comes not at call; justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song.
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd;
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:
Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee
I had persisted happy: had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
Though by the devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side; imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,

More to the part sinister, from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness, Heaven,
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant,

I beg, and clasp thy knees: bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen;
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable! both have sinn'd; but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Me, me only, just object of his ire!
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented [58]
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress;
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid:
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost;
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:
Unwary, and too desirous, as before
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desirest
The punishment all on thyself; alas!

Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited;
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil;
A long day's dying, to augment our pain;
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived.
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous; thence by just event
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief[59] of our extremes,
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd

By Death at last; and miserable it is,
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet;
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire; which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,—
Let us seek death;[60] or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death; and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as died her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had raised; and thus to Eve replied:

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee; and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced; doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,
So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contrived
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed! which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope; and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,

Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard, and judged,
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when, lo! to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth; soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse:
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided; and his hands
Clothed us, unworthy, pitying, while he judged;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us farther by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain; while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair-spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams

Reflected may with matter sere foment;
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning; whose thwart flame, driven down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?
So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent; and both confess'd

Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd; with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

NOTES ON BOOK X.

[1] Verse 16. *And, manifold in sin.* Every sin is complicated in some degree: and the divines, especially those of Milton's communion, reckon up several sins as included in this one act of eating the forbidden fruit; namely, pride, uxoriousness, wicked curiosity, infidelity, disobedience, &c.; so that, for such complicated guilt, he deserved to fall from his happy state in Paradise.—Newton.

[2] Ver. 23. *Dim sadness did not spare.* What a just and noble idea does Milton here give us of the blessedness of a benevolent temper; and how proper, at the same time, to obviate the objection that might be made, of sadness dwelling in heavenly spirits!—Thyer.

[3] Ver. 51. *Because not yet inflicted.* So, in Eccles. viii. 11:—"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."—Todd.

[4] Ver. 56. *To thee I have transferr'd.* From John, v. 22:—

"For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son."—HUME.

[5] Ver. 59. *Colleague with justice.* See Psalm lxxxv. 10.

[6] Ver. 92. *The sun in western cadence low.* This beautiful description is founded upon this verse:—"And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees in the garden." Gen. iii. 8.—NEWTON.

[7] Ver. 103. *Where art thou, Adam?* See Gen. iii. 9, &c. It is curious to observe how the poet paraphrases and enlarges upon the divine historian.—NEWTON.

[8] Ver. 125. *O heaven! in evil strait.* Nothing shows Milton's judgment more than keeping to the very words of Scripture, as far as possible, in the preceding conference between God and Adam: but the poet thought himself here obliged to deviate from his rule of adhering strictly to the sacred text, in order to keep up some dignity in Adam, by putting an apology into his mouth for the accusation that was to follow.—STILLINGFLEET.

[9] Ver. 137. *This woman.* Milton still preserves all that is in Scripture, though he intermixes other things that were likely enough to have been said and done. Adam speaks of Eve much in the same strain as he had done before to the angel, b. viii. 549:—

> What she wills to do or say,
> Seems wisest, &c.

and his unwillingness to accuse his wife, and yet the necessity of doing it, are finely imagined.—NEWTON.

[10] Ver. 158. *Say, woman, what?* See Gen. iii. 13.

[11] Ver. 175. *Because thou hast done this.* See Gen. iii. 14.

[12] Ver. 182. *Oracle, then verified.* Here is a manifest indication, that, when Milton wrote this passage, he thought Paradise was chiefly regained at our Saviour's resurrection. This would have been a copious and sublime subject for a second poem. The wonders then to be described, would have erected even an ordinary poet's genius; and, in episodes, he might have introduced his conception, birth, miracles, and all the history of his administration while on earth: and I much grieve, that, instead of this, he should choose for the argument of his 'Paradise Regained' the fourth chapter of Luke, the temptation in the wilderness;—a dry, barren, and narrow ground to build an epic poem on. In that work he has amplified his scanty materials to a surprising dignity; but yet, being cramped down by a wrong choice, without the expected applause.—BENTLEY.

[13] Ver. 184. *Saw Satan fall.* See Luke, 18, in ver. 184; Ephes. ii. 2; Col. ii. 15; Psalm lxviii. 18; Ephes. iv. 8; Rom. xvi. 20.—TODD.

[14] Ver. 192. *And to the woman.* Milton is exact in reporting the sentences pronounced on our first parents. See Gen. iii. 16—19.—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 214. *Servant to assume.* See Phil. ii. 7; John xiii. 5.

[16] Ver. 217. *Skins of beasts.* See Gen. iii. 21.

[17] Ver. 222. *Robe of righteousness.* See Isaiah lxi. 10.

[18] Ver. 273. *As when a flock.* Dr. Newton thinks that Lucan's description of the ravenous birds that followed the Roman camp, and scented the battle of Pharsalia, gave occasion to Milton's simile. See Pharsal. viii. 831.—TODD.

[19] Ver. 289. *As when two polar winds.* Sin and Death, flying into different parts of Chaos, and driving all the matter they meet there in shoals towards the mouth of hell, are compared to two polar winds, north and south, *blowing adverse upon the Cronian sea*, the northern frozen sea; ("A Thule unius diei navigatione mare concretum a nonnullis Cronium appellatur." Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. iv. cap. 16.) and driving together mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way, the north-east passage as it is called, which so many have attempted to discover; *beyond Petsora eastward*, the most north-eastern province of Muscovy; *to the rich Cathaian coast*, Cathay, or Catay, a country of Asia, and the northern part of China.—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 306. *So——Xerxes*, &c. This simile is very exact and beautiful: as Sin and Death built a bridge over Chaos to subdue and enslave mankind; so Xerxes, to bring the free states of Greece under his yoke, came from Susa, the residence of the Persian monarchs, called Memnonia by Herodotus; and, building a bridge over the Hellespont, the narrow sea by Constantinople that divides Europe from Asia, to march his large army over it, "Europe with Asia join'd, and scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves;" alluding to the madness of Xerxes in ordering the sea to be whipped for the loss of some of his ships: "indignant waves, scorning and raging to be so confined:" as Virgil says, Æn. viii. 728: "Pontem indignatus Araxes:" and Georg. ii. 162:

Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor.

NEWTON.

[21] Ver. 328. *Betwixt the Centaur.* Alluding to a ship steering her course betwixt two islands: so Satan directed his way between these two signs of the zodiac upwards: the zenith is overhead.—RICHARDSON.

Satan, to avoid being discovered (as he had been before, b. iv. 569, &c.) by Uriel, regent of the sun, takes care to

keep at as great a distance as possible; and therefore, while the sun rose in Aries, he steers his course directly upwards, *betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion*, two constellations which lay in a quite different part of the heavens from Aries.—NEWTON.

[22] Ver. 412. *Spreading their bane.* Ovid's description of the journey of Envy to Athens, and Milton's of Sin and Death to Paradise, have a great resemblance: but whatever Milton imitates, he adds a greatness to it; as in this place, he alters Ovid's flowers, herbs, people, and cities, to stars, planets, and worlds. Ovid, Met. ii. 793:—

> Quacumque ingreditur, florentia proterit arva,
> Exuritque herbas, et summa cacumina carpit:
> Afflatuque suo populos, urbesque, domosque
> Polluit.

See an 'Essay upon Milton's Imitation of the Ancients,' p. 42.—NEWTON.

[23] Ver. 412. *Blasted stars look'd wan.* So Tasso, speaking of Alecto, Gier. Lib. c. ix. st. 1:—

> Si parte, e dove passa i campi lieti
> Secca, e pallido il sol si fà repente.

THYER.

[24] Ver. 413. *Planets, planet-struck.* We say of a thing, when it is blasted and withered, that it is *planet-struck*; and that is now applied to the planets themselves. And what a sublime idea doth it give us of the devastations of Sin and Death!—NEWTON.

[25] Ver. 417. *And with rebounding surge.* Virg. Georg. ii. 161:—

> Lucrinoque addita claustra,
> Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor.

NEWTON.

[26] Ver. 432. *By Astracan.* A considerable part of the Czar's dominions, formerly a Tartarian kingdom, with a capital city of the same name, near the mouth of the river Volga, at its fall into the Caspian sea; *or Bactrian Sophi,* the Persian emperor, named of Bactria, one of the greatest and richest provinces of Persia; *from the horns of Turkish crescent,* his Turkish enemies, who bear the crescent in their ensigns; *leaves all waste beyond the realm of Aladule,* the Greater Armenia; called Aladule of its last king Aladules, slain by Selymus the First; *in his retreat to Tauris,* a great city of Persia, now called Ecbatana, sometime in the hands of the Turks, but retaken in 1603 by Abas, king of Persia; *or Casbeen,* one of the greatest cities of Persia, towards the Caspian sea, where the Persian monarchs made their residence after the loss of Tauris, from which it is distant sixty-five German miles to the south-east.—HUME.

[27] Ver. 441. *He through the midst.* This account of Satan's passing unmark'd through the midst of the angels, and ascending his throne invisible; and seeing there about him, himself unseen; and then bursting forth, as from a cloud, in glory; seems to be copied from a like adventure of Æneas, Virg. Æn. i. 439.—NEWTON.

[28] Ver. 460. *Thrones, dominations.* It is common with Homer to make use of the same verse several times, and especially at the beginning of his speeches.—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 513. *Supplanted down he fell.* We may observe here a singular beauty and elegance in Milton's language, and that is his using words in their strict and literal sense, which are commonly applied to a metaphorical meaning; whereby he gives peculiar force to his expressions, and the literal meaning appears more new and striking than the metaphor itself: we have an instance of this in the word *supplanted,* which is derived from the Latin "supplanto,"

to trip up one's heels, or overthrow, "a planta pedis subtus emota:" and there are abundance of other examples in several parts of this work; but let it suffice to have taken notice of it here once for all.—NEWTON.

[30] Ver. 514. *A monstrous serpent.* Milton, in describing Satan's transformation into a serpent, had no doubt in mind the transformation of Cadmus in the fourth book of the Metamorphoses, to which he had alluded before in b. ix. 905. See Ovid, Met. iv. 575.—NEWTON.

[31] Ver. 562. *Near that bituminous lake.* The Dead Sea, or the lake Asphaltites, so called from the bitumen which it is said to have cast up; near which Sodom and Gomorrah were situated. Josephus mentions the apples of Sodom as dissolving into ashes and smoke at the first touch: but our countrymen, Sandys and Maundrell, who visited the Holy Land, are inclined to disbelieve that such fruit existed. Cotovicus, describing Sodom, &c., positively asserts the same particulars of these apples, which the Jewish historian mentions, and to which the poet very minutely alludes: "Hinc quoque arbores illic spectes visu pulcherrimas, et poma viridantia producentes, adspectu ridentia et nitida, et quæ edendi generent spectantibus cupiditatem, sed intus favilla et cinere plena; quæ ipsa etiam, si carpas, fatiscunt, et in cinerem resolvuntur, et quasi adhuc arderent, fumum excitant." Itin. Hierosol. p. 312. See also Sir John Mandeville's Travels, ed. 1725, p. 122, where he is speaking of this delusive fruit.—TODD.

[32] Ver. 572. *Once lapsed.* Whom being once lapsed, they triumphed;—in opposition to themselves, who often fall into the same illusion.

[33] Ver. 586. *Sin, there in power.* The sense is, that, before the Fall, Sin was in power, or potentially in Paradise;

that once, viz., upon the Fall, it was actually there, though not bodily; but that now, upon its arrival in Paradise, it was there in body, and dwelt there as a constant inhabitant. The words, *in body*, allude to what St. Paul says, Rom. vi. 6. "that the body of sin might be destroyed."—PEARCE.

[34] Ver. 589. *Not mounted yet*
On his pale horse.

Milton has given a fine turn to this poetical thought by saying that Death had not mounted yet on his pale horse: for, though he was to have a long and all-conquering power, he had not yet begun, neither was he for some time to put it in execution.—GREENWOOD.

[35] Ver. 600. *Too little seems.* Compare Prov. xxvii. 30. "Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied."—TODD.

[36] Ver. 601. *Un-hidebound.* Not tight-bound, as when creatures are swoln and full.—NEWTON.

[37] Ver. 616. *Dogs of hell.* Newton thinks some of the expressions in this description too coarse: they are particularly so from ver. 630: but they have a worse fault; they are the expressions of mere human indignation and scorn; and are therefore unsuitable to the Deity. The difficulty, however, of assigning to the divine displeasure terms of language, according with his purity, as well as anger, is hardly surmountable.

[38] Ver. 635. *Death, and yawning grave.* Death and the grave, meaning the same, is a pleonasm; which, adding force and energy, and calling forth the attention, is a beauty common in the best writers; but not for that reason only has Milton used it: the Scripture has thus joined Death and the

grave, Hos. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 55; and Rev. xx. 13; where the word rendered 'hell' signifies also the grave.—RICHARDSON.

[39] Ver. 636. *Obstruct the mouth of hell.* Mr. Boyd, the learned and elegant translator of Dante's 'Inferno,' is of opinion that the sublime imagination of Dante,—"that the earthquake which attended the crucifixion, overthrew the infernal ramparts, and obstructed the way to hell,"—gave the hint to Milton, that Sin and Death first built the infernal bridge, whose partial ruin at least was the consequence of the resurrection. See the 'Inferno,' c. xxiii.—TODD.

[40] Ver. 643. *Just are thy ways.* The same song, says Dr. Newton, that they are represented singing in the Revelations, Rev. xv. 3; xvi. 7. as in the foregoing passage, which is remarked also by Addison, he alludes to Rev. xix. 6.—TODD.

[41] Ver. 659. *In sextile.* If an unnecessary ostentation of learning be, as Addison observes, one of Milton's faults; it certainly must be an aggravation of it, where he not only introduces, but countenances, such enthusiastic, unphilosophical notions, as this jargon of the astrologers is made up of.—THYER.

[42] Ver. 668. *Bid his angels.* It was "eternal spring," b. iv. 268. before the Fall; and he is now accounting for the change of seasons after the Fall, and mentions the two famous hypotheses.—NEWTON.

[43] Ver. 686. *Estotiland.* A great tract of land in the north of America, towards the arctic circle and Hudson's Bay; as Magellan is a country in South America, which, together with its straits, took their name of Ferdinandus Magellanus, a Portuguese, who in the year 1520 first discovered them.—HUME.

[44] Ver. 688. *Thyestean banquet.* The bloody banquet given by Atreus to his brother Thyestes, at which the flesh of his own children was served up among the festive meats; an implacable resentment of an adulterous injury. This feast was the master and leading horror of classical antiquity; it drew retributive vengeance upon the head of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus; followed by the parricide of Orestes: but all these horrors are summed up in the prophetic ravings of Cassandra, as given by the daring Æschylus, in his 'Agamemnon.'

[45] Ver. 696. *Of Norumbega.* Norumbega, a province of the northern Armenia; Samoieda, in the north-east of Muscovy, upon the frozen sea.—HUME.

[46] Ver. 699. *Boreas and Cæcias.* In this account of the winds, is a needless ostentation of learning, and a strange mixture of ancient and modern Latin and Italian names together. These are the foibles and weak parts of our author.—NEWTON.

These "foibles and weak parts" of Milton may not be equally apparent to all critics. He gratified his ear indeed with words of truly epic force and dignity; but it is best at least to explain such as are unusual to the English reader. The Levant and the Ponent (Eurus and Zephyr) are the east and west winds; "their lateral noise, Sirocco and Libecchio," are the south-east and south-west.

[47] Ver. 711. *To graze the herb.* Whether Milton's notion was right or not, is another question; but certainly it was his notion, that beast, fowl, and fish grazed the herb before the Fall.—NEWTON.

[48] Ver. 714. *These were from without.* The transition to Adam here is very easy and natural, and cannot fail of pleasing the reader. We have seen great alterations pro-

duced in nature, and it is now time to see how Adam is affected with them; and whether the disorders *within* are not even worse than those *without*.—NEWTON.

[49] Ver. 743. *From my clay.* See Isaiah's animated expostulation, xlv. 9:—"Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou?"—TODD.

[50] Ver. 758. *Thou didst.* The change of persons, sometimes speaking of himself in the first, and sometimes to himself in the second, is very remarkable in this speech, as well as the change of passions: and in like manner he speaks sometimes of God, and sometimes to God.—NEWTON.

[51] Ver. 779. *His dreadful voice.* Perhaps suggested by Job xxxvii. 5:—"God thundereth marvellously with his voice."—TODD.

[52] Ver. 784. *That pure breath of life.* See Gen. ii. 7.

[53] Ver. 806. *By which all causes else.* All other agents act in proportion to the reception or capacity of the subject matter, and not to the utmost extent of their own power: an allusion to an axiom of the schools:—"Omne efficiens agit secundum vires recipientis, non suas."—NEWTON.

[54] Ver. 813. *That fear*
Comes thundering.

The thought is fine as it is natural. The sinner may invent never so many arguments in favour of the annihilation and utter extinction of the soul; but, after all his subterfuges and evasions, the fear of a future state, and the dread of everlasting punishment, will still pursue him: he may put it off for a time, but it will return *with dreadful revolution;* and, let him affect what serenity and gaiety he pleases, will, notwithstanding, in the midst of

it all, *come thundering back on his defenceless head.*—NEWTON.

[55] Ver. 817. *Nor I on my part single.* And this curse was the patrimony which he was to leave his sons. The author had in view 2 Esdr. vii. 48:—"O thou Adam, what hast thou done? for though it was thou that sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee."—NEWTON.

[56] Ver. 840. *Beyond all past example.* As Adam is here speaking in great agonies of mind, he aggravates his own misery, and concludes it to be greater and worse than that of the fallen angels, or all future men; as having in himself alone the source of misery for all his posterity; whereas both angels and men had only their own to bear. Satan was only like him, as being the ringleader; and this added very much to his remorse; as we read in b. i. 605.—NEWTON.

[57] Ver. 846. *Through the still night.* This, we conceive, must be some other night than that immediately after the Fall.—NEWTON.

[58] Ver. 940. *Soon his heart relented.* This picture of Eve's distress, her submissive tender address to her husband, and his generous reconcilement to her, are extremely beautiful,—I had almost said, beyond any thing in the whole poem; and that reader must have a very sour and unfriendly turn of mind, whose heart does not relent with Adam's, and melt into a sympathising commiseration towards the mother of mankind; so well has Milton here followed Horace's advice,—

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

Milton, with great depth of judgment, observes, in his 'Apology for Smectymnuus,' that, "he who would not be

frustrate of his hope to write well in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition of the best and honourablest things; and have in himself the experience and practice of all which is praiseworthy." Of the truth of which observation he himself is, I think, a shining instance in this charming scene now before us; since there is little room to doubt but that the particular beauties of it are owing to an interview of the same nature which he had with his own wife; and that he is only here describing those tender and generous sentiments which he then felt and experienced.—THYER.

[59] Ver. 976. *Tending to some relief.* Adam had said before, that the death denounced upon them, as far as he could see, would prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil, *a long day's dying*, and would likewise be *derived* to their posterity. Eve therefore proposes, to prevent its being *derived* to their posterity, that they should resolve to *remain childless;* or, if they found it difficult to do so, that then, to prevent *a long day's dying* to themselves and seed at once, they should *make short*, and destroy themselves. The former method she considers as *some relief of their extremes*, the latter as *the end.* And, as Dr. Greenwood observes, Milton might possibly take the hint of putting these proposals into the mouth of Eve, from Job's wife attempting to persuade her husband in his afflictions to "curse God, and die," Job ii. 9, 10.—NEWTON.

[60] Ver. 1001. *Let us seek death.* Eve's speech, as Dr. Gillies observes, breathes the language of despair; Adam's, the sentiments of a mind enlightened and encouraged by the Word of God.—TODD.

As Addison's remarks on this book are longer than usual, I am compelled to abridge them.

He remarks, that this tenth book contains a greater number of persons in it than any other in the whole poem; and that here are introduced all who had any concern in the action: these he divides into the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons. The first are very finely laid together in the beginning of this book.

Satan's first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful suspense to the reader; but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The unexpected hiss, which arises in this episode; the dimensions and bulk of Satan, with the annual change which the spirits are supposed to undergo, are circumstances very striking. The beauty of the diction too is remarkable in this whole episode. Milton's skill is no where more shown than in conducting the parts of Adam and Eve.

The imaginary persons are Sin and Death. This allegory is one of the finest compositions of genius; but Addison deems it not agreeable to the nature of an epic poem. Homer and Virgil, he says, are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful when they are shown without being engaged in any series of action: but when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. "I cannot forbear therefore thinking," he adds, "that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ADDISON observes, that this eleventh book of 'Paradise Lost' is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of the poem. How is it possible that every book, where the splendour is so excessive, should blaze equally? Probably there is less invention in this book; but the descriptive parts are not less powerful, nor less important, instructive, and awful in their topics. The Deluge was a trial of strength with the ancients, since it forms so important a feature in Ovid's poems. So far as there is invention in this book, it lies in the selection of circumstances, in picturesque epithets, and in moral, political, and religious reflections: its intellectual compass is vast and stupendous. Such a view opened upon Adam of the fate of his posterity, could only be conceived and comprehended by the splendid force of the poetical eye of Milton. Wonderful as is the liveliness and truth of shape and tint of each part, still the greater wonder is in the united brilliance of the whole.

It is truly said, that Milton every where follows the great ancients, and improves upon them: he despises all the petty gildings and artifices, which are so much boasted

in modern poetry. His object is, to convey images and ideas—not words; and the plainer the words, so that they do not disgrace the thought, the better! He would never sacrifice the force of the language to the metre. The mark of this is, that when he had occasion to use the terms of the Scripture, he would not derange them for the sake of the rhythm.

On that which pleases us individually, without consulting the feelings and opinions of others, we cannot rely: but when what delights us has made the same impression on gifted persons of all ages, and under all different circumstances, then we may be sure that its charms are intrinsic, and such as it is important to bring out, and render more impressive. Thus Milton is full of imagery, which makes the spell of Homer and Virgil.

There are those who think that poetry is not of the essence of intellectual cultivation: they think so because they have no idea of the nature of true poetry; without which there can be no due conception of the wonders and charms of the creation.

Smooth verses are indeed but childish amusements to the ear, which would be better fed by common and unpolished sounds conveying useful knowledge through the sense to the mind.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK XI.

THE Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him; the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood,
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed[1]
Unutterable; which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port[2]
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds

Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense,[3] where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessour, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began:
See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute:
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him; me, his Advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Number'd, though sad; till death, his doom,
(which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him; where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
All thy request for man, accepted Son,

Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
As a distemper gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness,
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death: so death becomes
His final remedy; and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heaven and earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the bless'd,
Through heaven's wide bounds: from them I will not hide
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw;
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd: he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers

Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy; the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high;
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will:
O sons, like one of us man is become,
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriours, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair;
From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged,
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears

Bewailing their excess) all terrour hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life;
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey;
With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude.
He ceased; and the archangelic power prepared
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim: four faces each[5]
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To resalute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea[6] waked, and with fresh dews embalm'd
The earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above; new hope to spring
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent, as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God: for since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve, rightly call'd mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live; and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour, meek:
Ill-worthy I, such title should belong
To me transgressour; who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,

Though after sleepless night: for see! the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth;
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious till day droop: while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content.
So spake, so wish'd, much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subscribed not: nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclipsed,
After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume[7] before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind:
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observed; and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake:
O Eve, some farther change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven by these mute signs in nature shows
Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn
Us, haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight,
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,

One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?
He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious,[8] when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd.[9] The princely hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
Possession of the garden: he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake:
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed: for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host; and, by his gait,
None of the meanest: some great potentate,
Or of the thrones above; such majesty
Invests him coming: yet not terrible,

That I should fear; nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide;
But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan,[10] or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof:
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended: by his side,
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low: he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:
Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst trangress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee of grace; wherein thou mayst repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.
He added not; for Adam, at the news
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen,

Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire:
O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee," Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:
Lament not, Eve; but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound:
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:
Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem

Prince above princes! gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes: all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known: and, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me; that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate;—
On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:—
So many grateful altars[12] I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages; and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?

For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory; and far off his steps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benign:
Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth;
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,[13]
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had hither come
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain,
God is, as here; and will be found alike
Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou mayst believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent[14]
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn

True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wakest;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:
Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening; to the evil turn
My obvious breast; arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest; from whose top,
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill,[15] nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness;
To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory:
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu,[16] seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,

Down to the Golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian ksar
In Mosco; or the sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born: nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritim kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd
Guiana,[17] whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights[18]
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:
Adam, now ope thine eyes; and first behold

The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee; who never-touch'd
The excepted tree; nor with the snake conspired;
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New-reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds:
In the midst an altar as the landmark stood
Rustic, of grassy sord: thither anon
A sweaty reaper[19] from his tillage brought
First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:
His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life: he fell; and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried:
O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed:
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain,

For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be avenged; and the other's faith, approved,
Lose no reward; though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire:
  Alas! both for the deed, and for the cause!
But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
  To whom thus Michael: Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance, than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd:
O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down;
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
The image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debased
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?
Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungovern'd appetite; and took
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,

Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced;
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves.
I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?
There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of—Not too much: by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
Till many years over thy head return,
So mayst thou live; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature:
This is old age;[20] but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge;
Which I must keep till my appointed day[21]
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied:
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:
And now prepare thee for another sight.
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some, were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved
Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream
From under ground); the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,[22]
But on the hither side, a different sort

From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended; by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they liked; and each his liking chose.
And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat,
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:
True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past:

Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare;
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledged none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye;—
To these that sober race of men,[23] whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.
To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:
O pity and shame, that they, who to live well

Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenour of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.
From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said the angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superiour gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene.
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between;
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood:
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies
With carcases and arms the ensanguined field,
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting: others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.

In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council, in the city-gates; anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriours mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition; till at last
Of middle age one rising,[24] eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands;
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad: O, what are these,
Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?
To whom thus Michael: These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,

And valour and heroic virtue call'd:
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory; and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerours,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints; him the Most High,
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds,
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.
He look'd, and saw the face of things quite changed:
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance;
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.

At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways: he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals; and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance,[25] as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent;
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off:
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth;
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large,
For man and beast: when, lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs, and enter'd in as taught
Their order: last the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation, dusk and moist,
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous; and continued, till the earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow

Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd: sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns
His children all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:
O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Lived ignorant of future! so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispensed
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past;
Man is not whom to warn: those few escaped

Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wandering that watery desert: I had hope,
When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceived; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of man will end.
To whom thus Michael: Those, whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost,[26] all virtue lose
And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd[27]
In sharp contest of battel found no aid
Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth shall bear

More than enough, that temperance may be tried:
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved;
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish; and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observed
The one just man alive: by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household, from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour
Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep,
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise[28] by might of waves be moved
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs,[29] and sea-mews' clang;

To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity,[30] if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now, what farther shall ensue, behold.
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north wind, that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge,[31] as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stopt
His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies;
And, after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light:
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train:
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,

Betokening peace from God, and covenant new:
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke forth:
O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, heavenly instructor! I revive
At this last sight; assured that man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect, and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven
Distended, as the brow of God appeased?
Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?
To whom the archangel: Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man depraved;
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood; nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast; but, when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,

And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

NOTES ON BOOK XI.

[1] Verse 5. *Sighs now breathed.* See Rom. viii. 26:—"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—Hume.

[2] Ver. 8. *Yet their port.* The poet could not have thought of a more apt similitude to illustrate his subject, (than of Deucalion and Pyrrha) and he has plainly fetched it from Ovid, Met. i. 318, &c. Milton has been often censured for his frequent allusions to the heathen mythology, and for mixing fables with sacred truths: but it may be observed in favour of him, that what he borrows from the heathen mythology, he commonly applies only by way of similitude; and a similitude from thence may illustrate his subject as well as from any thing else.—Newton.

Ovid, who was a favourite with Milton, might be so among other reasons from so many of his subjects being in a certain degree founded on Scripture, or at least having a

palpable relation thereto; as the creation, deluge, foreshowing of the destruction of the world by fire, &c.—DUNSTER.

[3] Ver. 18. *With incense.* See Psalm cxli. 2:—"Let my prayer be set before thee as incense."—TODD.

[4] Ver. 84. *O sons.* This whole speech is founded upon Gen. iii. 22—24.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 128. *Four faces each.* Ezekiel says that "every one had four faces," x. 14; see also, x. 12:—"And their whole body, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about."—NEWTON.

[6] Ver. 135. *Leucothea.* The white goddess, as the name in Greek imports: the same with Matuta in Latin. Matuta is the early morning, that ushers in the Aurora rosy with the sunbeams, according to Lucretius, v. 655. and from Matuta is derived matutinus, "early in the morning." This is the last morning in the poem; the morning of the fatal day, wherein our first parents were expelled out of Paradise.—NEWTON.

[7] Ver. 186. *Two birds of gayest plume.* Such omens are not unusual in the poets: see Virg. Æn. i. 393; and Æn. xii. 247. But these omens have a singular beauty here, as they show the change that is going to be made in the condition of Adam and Eve; and nothing could be invented more apposite and proper for this purpose;—an eagle pursuing two beautiful birds, and a lion chasing a fine hart and hind; and both to the eastern gate of Paradise; as Adam and Eve were to be driven out by the angel at that gate.—NEWTON.

These two incidents are indeed inimitably beautiful and affecting.

[8] Ver. 213. *Not that more glorious.* That was not a more glorious apparition of angels, which appeared to Jacob in Mahanaim, Gen. xxxii. 1, 2. nor that which appeared on the flaming mount in Dothan against the king of Syria, when he levied war against a single man, not like a generous enemy; but, like a base assassin, endeavoured to take him by surprise, namely, Elisha, for having disclosed the designs of the king of Syria to the king of Israel, 2 Kings, vi. 13, &c.—NEWTON.

[9] Ver. 220. *War unproclaim'd.* The severe censure on this makes me fancy that Milton hinted at the war with Holland, which broke out in 1664, when we surprised and took the Dutch Bourdeaux fleet before war was proclaimed; which the whigs much exclaimed against.—WARBURTON.

[10] Ver. 242. *Livelier than Melibœan.* Melibœa, a city of Thessaly, famous for its dying the noblest purple. *Sarra*, the die of Tyre.—HUME.

[11] Ver. 269. *Must I thus leave thee?* These sentiments of Eve exceed, both in pathos and variety, the farewell of Philoctetes to his cave, which Milton probably had in view. Sophoc. Philoct. v. 1487. ed. P. Stephan.—TODD.

There is nothing in all poetry more beautiful and affecting than this passage.

[12] Ver. 323. *So many grateful altars.* Beside the beauty of the sentiments, there seems to be a propriety in this passage which the commentators have not remarked. From the desire which mankind have had in all ages of preserving the memory of important and interesting transactions, many expedients were employed to transmit knowledge to succeeding ages, before the invention of writing: groves and altars, tombs, pillars, and heaps of stones, were the

representative symbols of past transactions, and memorials to instruct posterity. Without mentioning many other particular instances, which are enumerated by different writers, we find from various parts of the book of Genesis, that the patriarchs raised altars where God had appeared to them. See ch. xi. 7. xxv. 25. To this custom of the primitive and patriarchal ages Milton seems to have alluded.—Bishop Burgess.

[13] Ver. 337. *Every kind that lives.* See Lucan, ix. 578.

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cœlum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcunque vides, &c.

Newton.

See Jeremiah xxiii. 24. "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord."—Todd.

[14] Ver. 356. *Know, I am sent.* See Dan. x. 14.—Todd.

[15] Ver. 381. *Not higher that hill.* Whereon the devil set our Saviour, the second man; the "last Adam," 1 Cor. xv. 45. 47. "to show him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," Matt. iv. 8. The prospects are well compared together; and the first thought of the one might probably be taken from the other: and as the one makes part of the subject of 'Paradise Lost,' so doth the other of 'Paradise Regained.'—Newton.

[16] Ver. 388. *Of Cambalu.* Thus he surveys the four different parts of the world, but, it must be confessed, more with an ostentation of learning, than with any additional beauty to the poem. But Mr. Thyer is of opinion that such little sallies of the Muse agreeably enough diversify the scene; and observes, that Tasso, whose 'Godfrey' is no very imperfect model of a regular epic poem, has in his fifteenth canto employed thirty or forty stanzas together in a description of

this sort, which had no necessary connexion with his general plan.—NEWTON.

To me it appears that this long enumeration of sounding names fills the mind, though somewhat vaguely, with an infinity of stirring imagery.

[17] Ver. 409. *Yet unspoil'd Guiana.*

I suppose Milton alluded to the many frustrated voyages which had been made in search of this golden country. If I remember right, this was the famous place that Sir Walter Raleigh was to have brought such treasures from.—THYER.

[18] Ver. 411. *Nobler sights.* Nobler sights,—being not only of cities and kingdoms, but of the principal actions of men to the final consummation of all things.—NEWTON.

[19] Ver. 434. *A sweaty reaper.* See Gen. iv. 2.

[20] Ver. 538. *This is old age.* The tender comparison here made between youth and age may receive its best illustration from another of the same nature in Shakspeare, which in all probability suggested that before us, from ver. 538 to 546 inclusive:—

> Thou hast nor youth nor age:
> But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
> Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
> Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
> Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
> Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
> To make thy riches pleasant.—*Meas. for Meas.* act iii.

[21] Ver. 550. *Appointed day.* See Job, xiv. 14.

[22] Ver. 573. *After these.* As being the descendants of the younger brother, *but on the hither side,* Cain having been banished into a more distant country, *a different sort,*

the posterity of Seth wholly different from that of Cain; *from the high neighbouring hills which was their seat*, having their habitation in the mountains near Paradise; *down to the plain descended*, where the Cainites dwelt: *by their guise just men they seem'd, and all their study bent to worship God aright*; the Scripture itself speaks of them as the worshippers of the true God: *and know his works not hid*; and Josephus and other writers inform us, that they were addicted to the study of natural philosophy, and especially of astronomy; *nor those things last which might preserve*, nor was it their last care and study to know those things which might preserve *freedom and peace to men*. Though this account of the Sethites be, in the general, agreeable to Scripture; yet the particulars of their living in the mountains near Paradise, and of their descending thence into the plain, and their corrupting themselves in that manner with the daughters of Cain, Milton seems to have taken from the Oriental writers, and particularly from the annals of Eutychius.—NEWTON.

[23] Ver. 621. *That sober race of men*. As we read in Gen. vi. 2: "The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." It is now generally agreed, that this passage is to be understood of the sons of Seth, the worshippers of the true God, making matches with the idolatrous daughters of wicked Cain; and Milton puts this construction upon it here, though elsewhere he seems to give into the old exploded conceit of the angels becoming enamoured of the daughters of men. See b. iii. 463. and b. v. 447. and Par. Reg. b. ii. 178, &c.—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 665. *Of middle age one rising*. Enoch, said to be *of middle age*, because he was translated when he was but 365 years old; a middle age then. Gen. v. 23.—RICHARDSON.

[25] Ver. 724. *Conversion and repentance*. This account of

Noah's preaching is founded chiefly on St. Peter, 1 Pet. iii. 19, 20; as what follows of his desisting, when he found his preaching ineffectual, and of removing into another country, is taken from Josephus, Antiq. Jud. lib. i. c. 3.—NEWTON.

[26] Ver. 798. *Freedom lost.* Milton every where shows his love of liberty; and here he observes very rightly, that the loss of liberty is soon followed by the loss of all virtue and religion. There are such sentiments in several parts of his prose works, as well as in Aristotle, and other masters of politics.—NEWTON.

[27] Ver. 799. *Piety feign'd.* I conceive this to be unquestionably political. Milton was, it has been supposed, well aware of the *feign'd piety* of many of his own party, whom he had once considered as saints; and whose temporising at the Restoration completed in his mind the hypocrisy of their character. Hypocrisy, it may be observed, Milton, in various parts of his poem, has branded as the most abominable of crimes.—DUNSTER.

[28] Ver. 829. *Then shall this mount*
Of Paradise.

It is the opinion of many learned men, that Paradise was destroyed by the deluge; and Milton describes it in a very poetical manner:—*Push'd by the horned flood:* so that it was before the flood became universal, and while it poured along like a vast river; for rivers, when they meet with any thing to obstruct their passage, divide themselves, and become *horned,* as it were; and hence the ancients have compared them to bulls.—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 835. *Orcs.* Orcs, a species of whale.—TODD.

[30] Ver. 836. *God attributes to place*
No sanctity.

Milton omits no opportunity of lashing what he thought

superstitious. These lines may serve as one instance; and I think he plainly here alludes to the manner of consecrating churches used by archbishop Laud, which was prodigiously clamoured against by people of our author's way of thinking, as superstitious and popish.—THYER.

[31] Ver. 843. *Wrinkled the face of deluge.* The circumstances of this description of the abating of the flood are few, but selected with great judgment, and expressed with no less spirit and beauty. In this respect, it must be owned, Milton greatly excels the Italians, who are generally too prolix in their descriptions, and think they have never said enough while any thing remains unsaid. When once enough is said to excite in the reader's mind a proper idea of what the poet is representing; whatever is added, however beautiful, serves only to tease the fancy, instead of pleasing it; and rather cools, than improves, that glow of pleasure, which arises in the mind upon its first contemplation of any surprising scene of nature well painted out.—THYER.

Again I have to observe, that Mr. Addison's remarks upon the book before us are similar to such as are to be found in the notes of subsequent commentators already copied: it is probable that the originality lay with Addison, who, not having produced them detached, but as parts of one critique, has given them in a more popular form. Still, when the matter of them is so anticipated, I must forbear to repeat them at length: I shall, however, notice them in a summary way. He observes, that the acceptance of the prayers of Adam and Eve at the beginning of this eleventh book is formed upon that beautiful passage in Holy Writ:—"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints,

ascended up before God." He then notices the poetical beauty of the vision of the angels to Ezekiel, where "every one had four faces; all their shape spangled with eyes;" next, the assembly of the angels to hear the judgment passed upon man; then the conference of Adam and Eve, and the subsequent morning notice of the signs of the changes about to take place in all the creation surrounding them. The next striking passage is the description of the appearance of the archangel Michael, sent to expel them from Paradise.

Addison gives the full measure of praise to Eve's complaint on receiving the notice that she must quit Paradise; and the more masculine and elevated speech of Adam.

The critic then commends that noble part, where the angel leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. The image of death in the second vision is represented in all its varieties and attitudes: then, by way of contrast, comes a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The deluge is drawn with the most powerful and masterly hand.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE present twelfth book being only one half of the original and then concluding tenth, the revelations of the archangel Michael were to be continued from the flood, at which the eleventh book closes: and indeed it was a fortunate circumstance, that Milton, previously to the division, had changed the medium of impression from vision to narration; because it bestows a feature of novelty and distinction upon his concluding book.

It is therefore with some surprise that we meet with any objection to this arrangement of the poet, and the wish that he had imparted all his disclosures in the way of picture and vision, in which they commenced: but Mr. Dunster goes at once to the "heart of the mystery," and inquires Whether all the coming subjects were equally suited to the specular mount? The plagues of Egypt, as he observes, so represented, must have been tedious. How was the delivery of the law to have been represented, under all its sublime circumstances, in vision? How could the great miracle (related with concise sublimity) of the heavenly bodies standing still at the command of Joshua, be exhibited in vision? Could the nativity, the life and death of our blessed Lord, or his resurrection (each related in a few lines of exquisite

beauty) have been so clearly or adequately displayed in picture? or could his ascension, and resumption of his heavenly seat, and his coming again to judge the world, have been adequately exhibited at all?

The pictures even of the eleventh book were of necessity accompanied by some verbal explanations. In the remainder of the history, as Mr. Dunster remarks, "the accruing materials come too thick to be represented in visions; the task would have been laborious to the artist, who would have fatigued and disgusted those, whom he wished to inform and delight." Here, therefore, the poet judiciously reversed his plan.

But there is another topic of remark which the concluding book of Milton's divine poem suggests; it is his comparative affluence of invention. The sentence upon Adam might have been attended by immediate expulsion: but how gracious is the divine condescension, to allow some interval of reflection; and, previously to ejectment, to fortify the minds of the repentant pair with anticipated knowledge and distant consolation! Thus the interest of the poem is kept alive with the reader to the last line. The whole of the twelfth book closely relates to Adam and his posterity; and so delightfully are these soothing hopes of happiness administered by the archangel, that we, equally with Adam, forget that we are to quit Paradise; and are, like him, heart-struck by the sudden warning, that "the hour is come, the very minute of it;" and attend the "hastening angel" to the gates of exclusion, with all the sad and lingering acquiescence of our first parents.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK XII.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed: then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:
Thus thou hast seen one world begin, and end;
And man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,

With some regard[1] to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings[2] pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed; and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise[3]
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting, (and men, not beasts shall be his game)
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven, claiming second sovranty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion[4] others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden[5] towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven,
And get themselves a name; lest, far dispersed

In foreign lands, their memory be lost;
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city,[6] ere the tower
Obstruct heaven-towers; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language; and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,
Among the builders; each to other calls,
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in heaven,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.[7]
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased:
O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren; to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his dominion; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.[8]
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance: wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither, to sustain
Himself and his rash army; where thin air

Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael: Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason; and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthral
His outward freedom: tyranny must be;
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty;
Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark; who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse; till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert

His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship:[10] O, that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch lived[11] who 'scaped the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! Yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him; and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys;[12]
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him,[13] but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa,[14] passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train[15]
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives

Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the Desert south;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed)
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon; yonder sea;—each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore,
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves;
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (these two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return,
With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murren die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon[16] tamed at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart: but still, as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls;
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand

Divided till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel; who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire;
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:
All night he will pursue; but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud,
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattel'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect[17]
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild Desert; not the readiest way,
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness; there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself

In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,
Ordain them laws;[18] part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice; informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terrour cease: he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator; whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell;
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle;—
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac[19] representing
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;
Save when they journey,[20] and at length they come,

Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promised to Abraham and his seed: the rest
Were long to tell; how many battles fought;
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding,—Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou, moon, in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome!—so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
Here Adam interposed: O sent from Heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased;
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become
Of me and all mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not; why to those,
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given:
So many laws argue[21] so many sins
Among them: how can God with such reside?
To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them, to evince

Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats; they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man;
Just for unjust; that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease; nor man the moral part
Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect; and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant; disciplined
From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear
To filial; works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses,[22] though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call;
His name and office bearing,[23] who shall quell
The adversary-serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;

From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last; for of his reign shall be no end.
But first, a long succession must ensue;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll:
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years; then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings

Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
They first re-edify; and for a while
In mean estate live moderate; till, grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow:
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings[24]
Upon the temple itself: at last, they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come;
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night:
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High: he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.

He ceased; discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words; which these he breathed:

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope; now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;

Why our great Expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail,
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?

To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death; and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death;
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In his redemption; and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind with him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction: so he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth, than certain times to appear

To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his salvation: them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.
So spake the archangel Michael; then paused,

As at the world's great period; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:
O, goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that, which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done, and occasion'd; or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?
Be sure they will, said the angel; but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth; and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death: against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,
Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length,
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.[25]
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power;[26] though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given
To all believers; and, from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; laws, which none shall find[27]
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within

Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty?[28] what but unbuild
His living temples,[29] built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all, who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign;
Under her own weight groaning; till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promised to thy aid,
The woman's seed; obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord:
Last, in the clouds,[30] from heaven to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heavens, new earth,[31] ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:
How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
Measured this transient world, the race of time,

Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong,[32] and worldly wise
By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory;
And, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also the angel last replied:
This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom: hope no higher, though all the stars[33]
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire: only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,

By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth.
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation;[34] for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd,
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause, for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before; but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep;[35] and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress

Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This farther consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.
So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answer'd not: for now, too nigh
The archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand;[36] the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.[37]

Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

NOTES ON BOOK XII.*

[1] Verse 16. *With some regard.* This answers to the silver age of the poets: the paradisiacal state is the golden one: that of iron begins soon, v. 24.—Richardson.

[2] Ver. 21. *Wine-offerings.* See Exodus, xxix. 40.—Todd.

[3] Ver. 24. *Till one shall rise.* It is generally agreed that the first governments in the world were patriarchal, "by families and tribes;" and that Nimrod was the first who laid the foundation of kingly government among mankind. Milton, therefore, (who was no friend to kingly government at the best) represents him in a very bad light, as a most

* The first edition was in ten books. In the second edition, the seventh and the tenth books, being greatly beyond the rest in the number of the verses, were divided each into two; so that the seventh became the eighth also; the eighth of the first edition then stood ninth; the ninth, tenth; and the tenth of the first edition became of course, when divided, the present eleventh and twelfth.

wicked and insolent tyrant; but he has great authorities, both Jewish and Christian, to justify him for so doing.—NEWTON.

[4] Ver. 37. *Though of rebellion.* This was added by our author, probably not without a view to his own time; when himself and those of his own party were stigmatised as the worst of rebels.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 40. *Marching from Eden.* See Gen. xi. 2, &c.: "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain on the land of Shinar; and they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."—NEWTON.

[6] Ver. 51. *See their city.* See Gen. xi. 5, &c. The Scripture speaks after the manner of men: so the heathen gods are often represented as coming down to observe human actions, as in the stories of Lycaon, Baucis and Philemon, &c.

[7] Ver. 62. *Confusion named.* Babel in Hebrew signifies *confusion.*—NEWTON.

[8] Ver. 71. *From human free.* Left mankind in full and free possession of their liberty.—HUME.

[9] Ver. 83. *True liberty.* So Milton in his sonnet:—

... liberty;—
For who loves that must first be wise and good.

[10] Ver. 115. *Bred up in idol-worship.* We read in Josh. xxiv. 2: "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood

in old time, even Terah the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor; and they served other gods." Now as Terah, Abraham's father, was an idolater, I think we may be certain that Abraham was bred up in the religion of his father, though he renounced it afterwards, and in all probability converted his father likewise; for Terah removed with Abraham to Haran, and there died. See Gen. xi. 31, 32.—NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 117. *While yet the patriarch lived.* It appears from the computations given by Moses, Gen. xi. that Terah, the father of Abraham, was born two hundred and twenty-two years after the flood, but Noah lived after the flood three hundred and fifty years, Gen. ix. 28; and we have proved from Joshua, that Terah, and the ancestors of Abraham, "served other gods;" and from the Jewish traditions we learn farther, that Terah, and Nachor his father, and Serug his grandfather, were statuaries and carvers of idols: and therefore idolatry was set up in the world, *while yet the patriarch lived who 'scaped the flood.*—NEWTON.

[12] Ver. 126. *He straight obeys.* See Heb. xi. 8.

[13] Ver. 128. *I see him.* Milton, sensible that this long historical description might grow irksome, has varied the manner of representing it as much as possible; beginning first with supposing Adam to have a prospect of it before his eyes; next, by making the angel the relater of it; and, lastly, by uniting the two former methods, and making Michael see it as in vision, and give a rapturous enlivened account of it to Adam. This gives great ease to the languishing attention of the reader.—THYER.

[14] Ver. 130. *Ur of Chaldæa.* See Gen. xi. 31. Chaldæa, a province of Asia, lying east of the Euphrates, and west of the Tigris: Ur, a city of Chaldæa, the country of Abraham and Terah.—NEWTON.

[15] Ver. 131. *A cumbrous train.* The poet here has an opportunity of introducing the picturesque description of Abraham, with his long train of flocks, herds, family, and servants, passing in procession the river; which description I consider as a fortunate application of the account given of Jacob's returning from Mesopotamia into Canaan, Gen. xxxii. 13. 16. 22, 23.—DUNSTER.

[16] Ver. 191. *The river-dragon.* The river-dragon, as Addison has observed, is Pharaoh, in allusion to Ezek. xxix. 3.—TODD.

[17] Ver. 214. *The race elect.* It is remarkable that here Milton omits the moral cause, though he gives the poetical, of the Israelites wandering forty years in the wilderness; and this was their poltron mutiny on the return of the spies. He omitted this with judgment; for this last speech of the angel was to give such a representation of things as might convey comfort to Adam; otherwise the story of the brazen serpent would have afforded noble imagery.—WARBURTON.

[18] Ver. 230, &c. By these passages Milton seems to have understood no more of the Jewish institution than he saw in the small presbyterian systems; otherwise the true idea of the theocrasy would have afforded some noble observations.—WARBURTON.

Milton speaks of the civil and the ritual, the judicial and the ceremonial precepts delivered to the Jews; but why did he omit the moral law contained in the ten commandments? Possibly his reason might be, because this was supposed to be written originally in the heart of man, and therefore Adam must have been perfectly acquainted with it: but however I think, this should have been particularly mentioned, as it was published at this time in the most solemn manner by God from Mount Sinai; and as it was

thought worthy to be written with his own finger upon two tables of stone, when the rest was conveyed to the people by the writing and preaching of Moses, as a mediator between God and them.—GREENWOOD.

[19] Ver. 255. *Seven lamps, as in a zodiac.* That the seven lamps signified the seven planets, and that therefore the lamps stood slope-wise, as it were to express the obliquity of the zodiac, is the gloss of Josephus, from whom probably Milton borrowed it. Joseph. Antiq. lib. III. c. vi. and vii. and De Bel. Jud. lib. v. c. 5. See likewise Mede's Discourse X. upon the seven archangels. Mr. Hume quotes likewise the Latin of Philo to the same purpose. See Cornelius à Lapide, upon Exod. XXV. 31.—NEWTON.

[20] Ver. 258. *Save when they journey.* See Exod. xl. 34, &c.: "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle: and when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys; but if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up: for the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys." Thus it was in all places wherever they came; and this is what Milton says: in short, the cloud was over the tent by day, and the fire (called here *a fiery gleam*) by night, when they journeyed not. He takes no notice how it was when they did; which this text (for the infinite beauty of which we have given it at length) explains; the cloud was then taken up; how then? "The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light, to go by day and night," c. xiii. 21.

Other armies pitch their ensigns when they encamp, and lift them up when they march: so does the Lord of Hosts, leading forth his people. But, what ensigns! how sublime! Milton seems too concise here.—RICHARDSON.

[21] Ver. 283. *So many laws argue.* The scruple of our first father, and the reply of the angel, are grounded upon St. Paul's epistles, and particularly those to the Ephesians, Galatians, and Hebrews, as the reader, who is at all conversant with these sacred writings, will easily perceive. Compare the following texts with the poet: Gal. iii. 19. Rom. vii. 7, 8. Rom. iii. 20. Heb. ix. 13, 14. Heb. x. 4, 5. Rom. iv. 22, 23, 24. Rom. v. 1. Heb. vii. 18, 19. Heb. x. i. Gal. iii. 11, 12. 23. Gal. iv. 7. Rom. viii. 15. Milton has here, in a few verses, admirably summed up the sense and argument of these and more texts of Scripture. It is really wonderful how he could comprise so much divinity in so few words, and at the same time express it with so much strength and perspicuity.—NEWTON.

[22] Ver. 307. *And therefore shall not Moses.* Moses died in Mount Nebo, in the land of Moab, from whence he had the prospect of the Promised Land, but not the honour of leading the Israelites to possess it; which was reserved for Joshua; Deut. xxxiv. Josh. i.—HUME.

[23] Ver. 311. *His name and office bearing.* Joshua was in many things a type of Jesus; and the names are the same, "Joshua" according to the Hebrew, and "Jesus" in Greek. The Seventy always render "Joshua" by "Jesus;" and there are two passages in the New Testament, where "Jesus" is used for "Joshua;" once by St. Stephen, Acts vii. 45. and again by St. Paul, Heb. iv. 8. And the name Joshua, or Jesus, signifies a Saviour.—NEWTON.

[24] Ver. 355. *Their strife pollution brings.* For it was

chiefly through the contests between Jason and Menelaus, high-priests of the Jews, that the temple was polluted by Antiochus Epiphanes. See 2 Maccab. v. and Prideaux. *At last they seize the sceptre;* Aristobulus, eldest son of Hyrcanus, high-priest of the Jews, was the first who assumed the title of king after the Babylonish captivity; before Christ 107. *And regard not David's sons,* none of that family having had the government since Zerubbabel. *Then lose it to a stranger;* to Herod, who was an Idumean, in whose reign Christ was born. See Josephus and Prideaux.—NEWTON.

[25] Ver. 514. *Though not but by the Spirit understood.* I do not think Milton, in all his writings, ever gave a stronger proof of his enthusiastical spirit than in this line.—WARBURTON.

[26] Ver. 517. *Secular power.* On this subject he had been particularly copious in the tract of 'Reformation in England,' Prose Works, i. p. 264, ed. 1698:—"If the life of Christ be hid to this world, much more is his sceptre unoperative, but in spiritual things. And thus lived for two or three ages the successours of the apostles. But when, through Constantine's lavish superstition, they forsook their first love, and *set themselves up too in God's stead,* Mammon and their belly; then, taking advantage of *the spiritual power which they had on men's consciences,* they began to cast a longing eye to get the body also, and bodily things, into their command; upon which, their carnal desires, the Spirit daily quenching and dying in them, knew no way to keep themselves up from falling to nothing, but by bolstering and supporting their inward rottenness *by a carnal and outward strength.*"—TODD.

[27] Ver. 522. *Laws, which none shall find.* Laws, as Hume and Dr. Newton observe, neither agreeable to revealed or

natural religion; neither to be found in Holy Scripture, or written on their hearts by the Spirit of God; laws contrary to his promise, who has said, "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it on their hearts," Jer. xxxi. 33.—TODD.

[28] Ver. 526. *His consort Liberty.* "For where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," 2 Cor. iii. 17.—NEWTON.

[29] Ver. 527. *His living temples.* Christians are called "the temples of God," 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17; and vi. 19.—NEWTON.

See also Milton's Prose Works, vol. i. p. 231, ed. 1698:—"As if the touch of a lay Christian, who is nevertheless God's living temple, could profane dead Judaisms."—TODD.

[30] Ver. 545. *Last, in the clouds.* "Coming in the clouds of heaven," Matt. xxvi. 64:—"The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father," Matt. xvi. 27.—GILLIES.

[31] Ver. 549. *New heavens, new earth.* The very words of St. Peter, 2 Pet. iii. 13:—"Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This notion of the heavens and earth being renewed after the conflagration, and made the habitation of angels and just men made perfect, was very pleasing to Milton, as it was to Dr. Burnet; and must be to every one of a fine and exalted imagination: and Milton has enlarged upon it in several parts of his works, and particularly in this poem, b. iii. 333, &c.; b. x. 638; b. xi. 65, 900; b. xii. 462.—NEWTON.

Compare with this poetic passage Milton's animated description in prose of Christ's "universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they undoubtedly, that, by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their

country, shall receive, above the inferiour orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones, into their glorious titles; and in supereminence of beatific vision progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure for ever." See the end of his 'Reformation in England.'—TODD.

[32] Ver. 568. *Subverting worldly strong.* "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," 1 Cor. i. 27. And so in the rest there is the sense of Scripture, if not the very words: as, *to obey is best*:—"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice," 1 Sam. xv. 22. And, *on him sole depend*:—"Casting your care upon him, for he careth for you," 1 Pet. v. 7. And, *merciful over all his works*:—"His mercies are over all his works," Psalm cxlv. 9.—NEWTON.

[33] Ver. 576. *Though all the stars.* The turn of the sentence resembles, as Mr. Stillingfleet observes, what St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xiii. 2:—"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and have not charity, I am nothing."—TODD.

[34] Ver. 588. *From this top*
Of speculation.

From this hill of prophecy and prediction. *Speculation*, a watching on a tower or high place; thence a discovery, and therefore applied to the prophets in the sacred page, who are called "seers" and "watchmen," speculators, of *specula*, Latin, a "watch-tower." See Ezekiel, iii. 17; and also chap. xxxiii. 3—7.—HUME.

[35] Ver. 611. *For God is also in sleep.* See Numb. xii. 6:—"If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will

make myself known unto him in a vision, and I will speak unto him in a dream." And thus Homer, Il. i. 63:— Καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν. And the application is very elegant in this place, as Adam's was a vision, and Eve's a dream; and God was in the one as well as in the other.—NEWTON.

[36] Ver. 643. *Waved over by that flaming brand.* Of *brand* for *sword* take the following explanation from Hickes:— "In the second part of the 'Edda Islandica,' among other appellations, a 'sword' is denominated 'brand;' and 'glad,' or 'glod,' that is, 'titio, torris, pruna ignita;' and the hall of Odin is said to be illuminated by drawn swords only. A writer of no less learning than penetration, N. Salanus Westmannus, in his dissertation, entitled, 'Gladius Scythicus,' p. 6, 7, observes, that the ancients formed their swords in imitation of a flaming fire; and thus from 'brand,' a 'sword,' came our English phrase, to 'brandish a sword,' 'gladium strictum vibrando coruscare facere.'"—T. WARTON.

[37] Ver. 644. The poetical imagery of this passage is splendid, sublime, and at the same time pathetic; and of a majestic conciseness.

The eleventh and twelfth books are built upon the single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these last two books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem.

Milton, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration.

In some places the author has been so attentive to his

divinity that he has neglected his poetry: the narrative, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments; as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, and the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength: the beautiful passage which follows is raised upon noble hints in Scripture:

> Thus with ten wounds
> The river-dragon tamed, at length submits
> To let his sojourners depart, &c.

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel:—"Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lyeth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is my own, and I have made it for myself." Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses:—

> All night he will pursue, but his approach
> Darkness defends between, till morning watch.

As the principal design of this episode was to give Adam an idea of the Holy Person who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the description, from ver. 128 to ver. 140.

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types

and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport:—

> O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
> That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produce the same kind of consolation in the reader; who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction. The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.—ADDISON.

It is difficult to add any thing to Addison's Essays on the 'Paradise Lost;' but still I must extract a few additional encomiums from other critics, and first from Beattie:

In the concluding passage of the poem there is brought together, with uncommon strength of fancy, and rapidity of narrative, a number of circumstances wonderfully adapted to the purpose of filling the mind with ideas of terrific grandeur:—the descent of the cherubim; the flaming sword; the archangel leading in haste our first parents down from the heights of Paradise, and then disappearing; and, above all, the scene that presents itself on their looking behind them:—

> They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
> Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
> Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
> With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:

to which the remaining verses form the most striking con-

trast that can be imagined. The final couplet renews our sorrow; by exhibiting, with picturesque accuracy, the most mournful scene in nature; which yet is so prepared, as to raise comfort, and dispose to resignation. And thus, while we are at once melting in tenderness, elevated with pious hope, and overwhelmed with the grandeur of description, the divine poem concludes.—BEATTIE.

If ever any poem was truly poetical, if ever any abounded with poetry, it is 'Paradise Lost.' What an expansion of facts from a small seed of history! What worlds are invented, what embellishments of nature upon what our senses present us with! Divine things are more nobly, more divinely represented to the imagination, than by any other poem; a more beautiful idea is given of nature than any poet has pretended to;—nature, as just come out of the hand of God, in all its virgin loveliness, glory, and purity; and the human race is shown, not, as Homer's, more gigantic, more robust, more valiant; but without comparison more truly amiable, more so than by the pictures and statues of the greatest masters; and all these sublime ideas are conveyed to us in the most effectual and engaging manner. The mind of the reader is tempered and prepared by pleasure; it is drawn and allured; it is awakened and invigorated, to receive such impressions as the poet intended to give it. The poem opens the fountains of knowledge, piety, and virtue; and pours along full streams of peace, comfort, and joy, to such as can penetrate the true sense of the writer, and obediently listen to his song. In reading the Iliad or Æneis we treasure up a collection of fine imaginative pictures, as when we read 'Paradise Lost;' only that from thence we have (to speak like a connoisseur) more Rafaelles, Correggios, Guidos, &c. Milton's pictures are more sublime and great, divine and lovely, than Homer's, or Virgil's, or those of any other poets, ancient or modern.—RICHARDSON.

Throughout the whole of 'Paradise Lost' the author appears to have been a most critical reader and passionate admirer of Holy Scripture: he is indebted to Scripture infinitely more than to Homer and Virgil, and all other books whatever. Not only the principal fable, but all his episodes are founded upon Scripture: the Scripture has not only furnished him with the noblest hints, raised his thoughts, and fired his imagination; but has also very much enriched his language, given a certain solemnity and majesty to his diction, and supplied him with many of hi choicest, happiest expressions. Let men, therefore, learn from this instance to reverence the Sacred Writings: if any man can pretend to deride or despise them, it must be said of him, at least, that he has a taste and genius the most different from Milton's that can be imagined. Whoever has any true taste and genius, we are confident, will esteem this poem the best of modern productions, and the Scriptures the best of all ancient ones.—NEWTON.

Johnson's criticism, inserted in his 'Life of Milton,' is so universally known, that I shall not repeat it here: it shows the critic to have been a master of language, and of perspicuity and method of ideas: it has not, however, the sensibility, the grace, and the nice perceptions of Addison: it is analytical and dry. As it does not illustrate any of the abstract positions by cited instances, it requires a philosophical mind to feel its full force: it has wrapped up the praises, which were popularly expressed by Addison, in language adapted to the learned. The truth is, that Johnson's head was more the parent of that panegyric than his heart: he speaks by rule; and by rule he is forced to admire. Rules are vain, to which the heart does not assent. Many of the attractions of Milton's poem are not at all indicated by the general words of Johnson. From Addison's critique, we can learn distinctly its character and colouring; we can be taught how to appreciate; and can

judge by the examples produced, how far our own sympathies go with the commentator: we cannot read therefore without being made converts, where the comment is right. It is not only in the grand outline that Milton's mighty excellence lies; it is in filling up all the parts even to the least minutiæ: the images, the sentiments, the long argumentative passages, are all admirable, taken separately; they form a double force as essential parts of one large and magnificent whole. The images are of two sorts; inventive and reflective; the first are, of course, of the highest order.

If our conceptions were confined to what reality and experience have impressed upon us, our minds would be narrow, and our faculties without light. The power of inventive imagination approaches to something above humanity: it makes us participant of other worlds and other states of being. Still mere invention is nothing, unless its quality be high and beautiful. Shakspeare's invention was in the most eminent degree rich; but still it was mere human invention. The invention of the character of Satan, and of the good and bad angels, and of the seats of bliss, and of Pandæmonium, and of Chaos and the gates of hell, and of Sin and Death, and other supernatural agencies, is unquestionably of a far loftier and more astonishing order.

Though the arts of composition, carried one step beyond the point which brings out the thought most clearly and forcibly, do harm rather than good; yet up to this point they are of course great aids; and all these Milton possessed in the utmost perfection: all the strength of language, all its turns, breaks, and varieties, all its flows and harmonies, and all its learned allusions, were his. In Pope there is a monotony and technical mellifluence: in Milton there is strength with harmony, and simplicity with elevation. He is never stilted, never gilded with tinsel; never more cramped than if he were writing in prose: and, while he has all the elevation, he has all the freedom of unshackled language. To

render metre during a long poem unfatiguing, there must be an infinite diversity of combinations of sound and position of words, which no English bard but Milton has reached. Johnson, assuming that the English heroic line ought to consist of iambics, has tried it by false tests: it admits as many varied feet as Horace's Odes; and so scanned, all Milton's lines are accented right.

If we consider the 'Paradise Lost' with respect to instruction, it is the deepest and the wisest of all the uninspired poems which ever were written: and what poem can be good, which does not satisfy the understanding?

Of almost all other poems it may be said, that they are intended more for delight than instruction; and instruction in poetry will not do without delight: yet when to the highest delight is added the most profound instruction, what fame can equal the value of the composition? Such unquestionably is the compound merit of the 'Paradise Lost.' It is a duty imperious on him who has an intellect capable of receiving this instruction, not to neglect the cultivation of it: in him who understands the English language, the neglect to study this poem is the neglect of a positive duty: here is to be found in combination what can be learned no where else.

There is a mode of presenting objects to the imagination, which purifies, sharpens, and exalts the mind: there may be mere sports of the imagination, which may be innocent, but fruitless. Such is never Milton's produce; he never indulges in mere ornament or display; his light is fire, and nutriment, and guidance: like the dawn of returning day to the vegetation of the earth, which dispels the noxious vapours of night, and pierces the incumbent weight of the air; it withdraws the mantle of dim shadows from common minds, and irradiates them with a shining lamp. As to what are called the figures of poetry, in which Pope deals so much, they are never admitted by the solid and stern richness of Milton.

The generality even of the better classes of poetry is not the food of the mind, but its mere luxury; Milton's is its substance, its life, its essence: he introduces the gravest, the most abstruse, the most learned topics into his poetry; and by a spiritual process, which he only possesses, converts them into the very essence of poetical inspiration. I assert, in defiance of Dryden, that there are no flats in Milton: inequalities there are; but they are not flats, in Dryden's sense of the word. Dryden was a man of vigorous talent, but he was an artist in poetry: if active and powerful talent is genius, then he had genius; otherwise not: a clear perception and vigorous expression is not genius. Dryden had not a creative mind; Milton was all creation: we want new ideas, not old ones better dressed. Dryden thought that what was not worked up into a pointed iambic couplet was flat: he valued not the ore; he deemed that the whole merit lay in the use of the tool, and the skill of its application. Milton said, "I am content to draw the pure golden ore from the mine, and I will not weaken it by over polish."

The merit of Milton was, that he used his gigantic imagination to bring into play his immense knowledge. Heaven, Hell, Chaos, and the Earth, are stupendous subjects of contemplation: three of them we can conceive only by the strength of imagination; the fourth is partly exposed to our senses, but can be only dimly and partially viewed except through the same power. Who then shall dare to say, that the genius most fitted to delineate and illustrate these shadowy and evanescent wonders, and who has executed this work in a manner exceeding all human hope, has not performed the most instructive, as well as the most delightful of tasks? and who shall dare to deny that such a production ought to be made the universal study of the nation which brought it forth?

Before such a performance all technical beauties sink to nothing. The question is,—are the ideas mighty, and just,

and authorised; and are they adequately expressed? If this is admitted, then ought not every one to read this poem next to the Bible? So thought Bishop Newton. But Johnson has the effrontery to assert, that though it may be read as a duty, it can give no pleasure: for this, Newton seems to have pronounced by anticipation the stigma due to him. Is any intellectual delight equal to that, which a high and sensitive mind derives from the perusal of innumerable passages in every book of this inimitable work of poetical fiction?—The very story never relaxes: it is thick-wove with incident, as well as sentiment, and argumentative grandeur: and how it closes, when the archangel waves the "flaming brand" over the eastern gate of Paradise; and, on looking back, Adam and Eve saw the "dreadful faces" and "fiery arms" that "throng'd" round it!—In what other poem is any passage so heart-rending and so terrible as this?

END OF VOL. III.

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